

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1002.—15 August, 1863.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
1. A Modern Quaker Apostle,	<i>Eclectic Review</i> , 291
2. Gamblers and Gaming-Houses,	<i>Westminster Review</i> , 305
3. Wits of the French Revolution,	<i>National Review</i> , 317
4. Clever Men's Wives,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 330
5. Old New England,	<i>Reader</i> , 333

POETRY.—On Seeing the 54th and 35th Mass. (Black) Regiments, 290. Love and Money, 290. Beranger, 290. A Bird's-Eye View, 336. To the Alps, 336.

SHORT ARTICLES.—How to avoid Pitting in Small Pox, 304. Incident connected with Captain Dwight's Death, 304. Ancient Roman Villa, 304. Dinner of the Acclimatizing Society, 332.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

For Six Dollars a year, in advance, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 13 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

ON SEEING THE 54TH AND 35TH MASSACHUSETTS (BLACK) REGIMENTS.

I SAW a gathering cloud—light shone upon it—
Rising portentous, black with threatening
power,

A thousand thunderbolts seemed hid within it,
Ready to strike and signalize the hour.

Long had we waited, dallied with the foe,
And seen the thousands of our country falling,
Nor dared to strike the fierce effective blow
For what the eternal God seemed ever calling.

At last we rallied! Fate-like, just and awful,
Pouring along our streets the solemn host,—
No longer in derision spoke the scornful,
The serried column came—stern Freedom's
boast!

From many a Southern field they trembling came,
Fled from the lash, the fetter, and the chain;
Return they now, not at base Slavery's claim,
To meet the oppressor on the battle plain!

They lift the flag—the starry banner waves
From out that throng of Africa's darkened van;
Thousands of bayonets foretell the graves
Where they must lie who spurn the rights of
man!

Ah, never yet was Justice seen more fitting,
Her whips, scorns, terrors, more divinely sent;
And never yet her graceful form found sitting
In more poetic sense of punishment.

And ne'er before, in all our history,
Has truer glory from that banner shone,
Or manlier sons, with high-toned minstrelsy,
Exultant in the march to honor gone.

It is the hour—the dread, foretelling hour
Of the great trial of the Nation's heart.
From Africa's self, perchance, shall spring a
power
From which, at least, the guilty foe shall start!

Contagious, dreadful, spreading far and wide,
Ere long this cloud so threatening in our wake,
O'er the South heavens shall spread, and woe
betide
The base-born minions where its thunders
break!
Boston, Mass.

W. M. F.

"LOVE AND MONEY."

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

Oh, sitting and sighing the live-long day,
I cannot sing now as I used to do!
What is the reason—can any one say—
There's such woe in a world that's so fair to
view?

Sing—is it—Jenny, the same as before?
Oh, my poor head aches, and my heart's so sore!

I knew I was poor, and that that was a sin
In the eyes of many who said "No—no!"
But the one sweet voice took my poor heart in,
For to Harry I thought I was all below.
Could I feel I was poor when he called me fair,
As he looked in my eyes and stroked my hair!

Oh, love's like a harp of a thousand strings,
And girls are silly that sit in its way;
For love will talk of a thousand things
That nothing but love could think or say;
And maidens who list what they'd rather be-
lieve,
It weren't so easy to undeceive!

That I lay in his light, they had told me long,
For Nelly had riches and beauty, too;
But my heart was weak, and my love was strong,
And I felt it hard to know how to do.
To look in that face, and to bid him "good-
by!"
I knew would be sore, but I said I would try.

How I stood, that eve between eight and nine,
Where the willow bends to the blighted yew,
While we Flora looked up with the mournful
whine,
You'd have thought she knew all that my poor
heart knew:
And on Harry I gazed till my eyes grew dim
And he seemed like a mist on the far sky's rim.

I had shaken his hand—I had said "good-by!"
I had said little more to it, neither had he,
But had looked in my face with a tear in his
eye—
Ah, the money alone made him false to me!
Oh! is it a wonder I sing no more—
That my poor head aches—that my heart's so
sore?

—Dublin University Magazine.

BERANGER.

LINES TO PASSY.

PARIS, adieu! to Passy's hamlet brown
I go, to bask my age in calm divine;
Led by my purse, escaping thus, dear town,
The tax upon my funeral and wine.
Here will old Time, in tenderest tranquil mood,
Protect my muse beyond the reach of wrongs,
Like a bird, nestled in some autumn wood,
Lulled by the dying echo of my songs.

—Dublin University Magazine.

From The Eclectic Review.

A MODERN QUAKER APOSTLE.*

WE believe the writings and lives of the members of the Society of Friends are but little read by the members of other denominations. We regard this as a loss, for a spirit of very distinct and holy activity pervades these books. It is, no doubt, true that we all read religiously too much on our own peculiar line of rail. It has been said, that the lives of the saints are monotonous, that one is just like another, and that when you have read one you have read all—looked at superficially, they seem to be characterized by a tiresome sameness. But the sameness is only in appearance. Very distinct orders and shades of grace make their appearance to the eye of him who would draw a spiritual science out of the lives of the saints. "Distinct," as it has been said, "as each separate Alp to him who dwells all the year round in the plains beneath, though to the eye of the passing tourist, it is but one jagged sky-line, with here and there a Monte Rosa or other famous height, distinguished from its peers"—as various as are the stones and fossils of a museum to the eye of the geologist, although to the mere passers-by they seem only one in color and in shapeless confusion; so also is it with the lives of the holy men of God. Each has his distinct place in the precious memorial chambers of the Church. And all who have been led by the Spirit of God, bring the marks of an individuality and a difference, tending to the edification of all. The charge of sameness might seem especially true in relation to the majority of the lives of Friends, especially those of a more modern date; where there is sameness and monotony there cannot be freshness. The most spontaneous and living life may suffer from the cold pen of a biographer. Again, routine is the foe to life and freshness; it strangles the free spirit and soul, and the members of the Society of Friends are especially the victims of routine and narrowness, and hence it has happened that their biographies have had a far narrower influence than their innate worth has often demanded; and, indeed, they are mostly unknown beyond the book-shelves of the Society.

We have long purposed calling attention to

* *Memoirs of the Life and Gospel Labors of Stephen Grellet*. Edited by Benjamin Seabohm. Third edition. 2 vols. A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate Street.

the very interesting volumes now before us. They are the record of the life of one almost "meet to be called an apostle," one who did the work of an evangelist upon a very wide scale: it is a very lengthy story, nearly a thousand pages, and yet we know not well how it could be abbreviated; it is the story of manifold adventures and perils. Stephen Grellet might have claimed much of the language of the apostle: "In journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst." The mind accustomed to measure results by their visible organization, will perhaps say, well, and what came out of it? But Stephen Grellet belonged to a Church not accustomed to measure its work by that test. It is remarkable, that a people who in business matters are the most exact—some have said the most exacting—whose arrangements are moulded in the most rigid spirit of organization, should, in their moulding the religious life, give so little attention to the work of *edifying*. If some of the sects have too exclusively regarded this work, so that their labors seem to have been all but entirely external, surely with Friends the attention to internal work and helps, has put out of sight the fact that at present the Church exists in form, and should be visible. The Society of Friends has almost labored to reach a disembodied state; they have sought to move over and through souls—to awaken souls—and to melt and subdue souls, but they have left the work of sustaining to other hands, satisfied with having reached the soul, they have forgotten, that on this earth we know nothing of a soul without a body.

Stephen Grellet was a Frenchman—his real name was Etienne de Grellet du Mabillier. Stephen Grellet is the appropriate rendering of this name; the affix "du Mabillier" being derived from an estate owned by his father, but confiscated during the Revolution. He was born in 1773, in the city of Limoges, in which neighborhood his father was an extensive porcelain manufacturer, as well as proprietor of some iron works; he became the intimate friend of Louis XVI., and a title was conferred upon him for benefits rendered to his country. The king purchased his porcelain works, but in consequence of

the outbreak of the Revolution, the works were never paid for, and the title does not appear to have been confirmed. Of course, the family were Roman Catholics—one of Stephen's sisters had taken the veil in a convent at Limoges, and another in the severer convent of Clairetes. Although religious discipline does not appear to have had much influence in his early home, his exceedingly tender and emotional nature was very early penetrated by spiritual inquiries, and, when leaving home, he entered the college of the Oratorians, at Lyons, that institution, which appears to have been well conducted, increased no doubt his religious anxieties; there he received confirmation according to the rites of the Romish Church. He had expected that confirmation would effect an entire transformation in his character, and he expresses his bitter disappointment when, contrary to what he had been led to expect, after the bishop had performed the ceremony, he found his heart not at all changed; that his sense of sin still remained; that his propensities to evil were that very day as strong as ever; "*and thus,*" he adds, "*at a very early age I learned that neither priests nor bishops could do the work for me.*"

In this early period of life the disasters of the Revolution swept over the country; as we have seen, the property of his family was confiscated; and being nearly allied to the nobility, and connected by friendship with the royal family, they fell into all the disasters of the times, narrowly escaping death by flight. Eticane and his brother joined the army of royalists, and they both passed through a succession of imminent dangers. It was afterwards a source of joy to the converted man, that although he had stood in battle array facing the enemy, and ready for conflict, being in a reserved corps, he had never shed blood; this, at the time, he regarded as a misfortune—afterwards with thankfulness to the Prince of Peace. He and his brother were made prisoners, and ordered to be shot: the execution of the sentence was hourly expected, when a commotion in the hostile army enabled them to make their escape to Brussels, and thence to Holland: they determined on flying from thence to America. They did so, and henceforth the Frenchman drops his name, and becomes Stephen Grellet; he dropped also very much of his nationality. He found the works of

William Penn; they induced him to find his way to a Friend's meeting-house; his conversion followed, and he very naturally united himself in fellowship with the Society, the words of whose members had fastened upon his mind. He had been a fervent disciple and admirer of Voltaire; and now his biographer very appropriately applies to him the language to Ananias respecting Saul, "He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings and the children of Israel: for I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Although in accordance with the principles and practices of the Society of Friends, it was the aim of his life to walk with great simplicity and clearness, he very soon became a fully recognized minister of the Gospel. At this time he was residing in Philadelphia, where, during severe ravages of the yellow fever, he seems to have made himself greatly useful, visiting the sick and dying, and assisting in burying the dead; he also was seized, his coffin was ordered, and he was returned amongst the daily deaths to the Board of Health as a French Quaker; but he was raised up again, and soon after changed his residence from Philadelphia to New York. With his brother Joseph he had engaged in mercantile concerns; but although they seem to have been successful, he says he was not able long to devote much attention to business: he had been "bought with a price;" he felt "that he was not his own," and the love of Christ constraining him, he felt it to be his duty to engage more distinctly in the service of Christ. He travelled through Baltimore, Virginia, North Carolina, and parts of Pennsylvania; these were his first travellings with these purposes, and his very simple and internal character is often shown in his communings among the tall pine woods. "There," says he, "my mind being inwardly retired before the Lord, he was pleased so to reveal his love to me, through his blessed Son, my Saviour. My mourning was turned into joy. He clothed me with the garment of praise, instead of the spirit of heaviness, and he strengthened me to offer up myself again freely to him and to his service for my whole life." These first wanderings were amongst his least adventurous and important. But sixty years have passed away since then, and travelling in those times was wild enough—for the most part it was through a wilderness country—

encamping for the night, he had to keep up a good fire to protect him from panthers, bears, and wolves; sometimes it seemed as though a hundred of the latter were howling around them at once. "I was, however," said he, "more in fear of rattlesnakes than wolves; they would even come into the cabins, through the openings between the logs, or in the floors, but I have never been hurt by any of them, although I have been in close contact with them." Sometimes he had other perils, high waters, having to swim across them, the carriage coming to pieces in the water,—all these perils were undertaken that he might speak to the Indians in the wood, the slaves in their plantation, and Quakers in their scattered settlements. Returning to New York in 1804, he married, "care having been taken," he says, "fully to feel after the Lord's approbation in this important step," and a short time after, he received the news of the death of his father, who, without leaving the Romish Church, seems to have been greatly changed by his long imprisonments and losses, so much so that mildness was not only his own chief characteristic, he was able also to encourage his fellow-prisoners to submission and waiting on the Lord. In 1807, Stephen Grellett paid his first return visit to Europe; his wife was left behind in a very delicate state of health, and it is characteristic of that entire self-renunciation to which men like him attain, that "though parting with her," he says, "as not likely to see each other again in this world, she was my faithful helper, in encouraging me to devote my all to the service of the Redeemer." A chief design in visiting Europe was not only to see his surviving parent, but in his native land, and perhaps in other countries to preach the Gospel; and in the course of this visit we meet with the first evidences of that extraordinary power which manifests itself in many travellings and scenes to the close of his life. The meetings held in different towns were sometimes very large. Papists and Protestants seem to have thronged together, and to have been equally and overwhelmingly touched. What is remarkable in the life of this man is, first, that in all places, he seems to have exercised such a discerning power. All gave in to him—all opposition went down before him—emperors, kings, popes, priests, and nuns; and those more difficult characters, we should suppose, prefects and com-

missaries of police. Here is one of the first in which the latter gentlemen found themselves very strangely dealt with by the mild wisdom of the nevertheless clear-sighted and strong spiritually minded man:—

"The following morning, we returned to St. Hypolite, where also, feeling my mind engaged to have a meeting, a place was provided. It was thought sufficient to contain the people, being a pretty large room; but it seemed as if all the inhabitants of the town had turned out. The whole house was filled, and a very large number stood in the street, in a quiet, becoming manner. I had taken my seat near the window, a very convenient place to be heard both in the house and in the street. For some time I sat under great distress of mind, yet at the same time, the love of God through Christ flowed in my heart towards the people. Abiding under it, I felt the Lord's power to rise over all, believing that whatever trial might come upon me, he would support me even unto death. Then I thought I felt his word of command to preach unto the multitude Christ, with his attributes and divine offices, when, on hearing some bustle through the crowd towards the door, Louis Majolier, who sat by me whispered to me, 'The Commissary of Police is coming.' I so felt the Lord's power, that I answered him, 'Fear not, only be quiet.' The commissary then drawing near to me said, 'Are you the person that is going to preach?' I replied, 'It may be so, please to sit down.' On which, taking me by the collar of the coat, he said, 'You must follow me to the mayor,' when I answered, 'I may not detain thee long, please to take a seat a little while,'—on which I began to speak to the people, as the Lord gave me. He stood amazed, keeping hold of me, as I spoke, till at last he said, 'I go to make my report,' and then he retired. I continued preaching to the people, who all kept quiet, not moved at all by what passed. Indeed, on the contrary, when the commissary, on his way to the door, passing by some soldiers who were in the meeting-room, ordered them to go and take me, they answered, 'We cannot disturb a man thus engaged.' I continued about an hour to speak to the people, as the Lord enabled me; for he was with us, his love and power were felt by many, whose spirits were greatly contrited: the divine witness reached their hearts. Having taken my seat, and now feeling myself clear, the meeting concluded, when I judged it expedient to go immediately to the mayor's office, to see if he wanted anything of me; several persons accompanied me. Not finding him there, I was proceeding to his house, when I met the commissary, who began to threaten

me with imprisonment, and with heavy fines upon those who were at the meeting. We went together with him to the mayor's house: he not being then at home, we waited a considerable time for his return. In the meanwhile, many people, out of concern for me, others from curiosity, were gathered about to see the end of this. At last, when the mayor returned, the commissary went to him to make out his own representation, which prepossessed him against us, so that when we came in, seeing me with my hat on, he put on a pretty angry countenance; but I, in a mild, respectful manner, gave him some of my reasons for appearing covered. I had hardly given my explanation, when with a placid countenance, he said, 'I know something of the Society of Friends, and their manners.' Then, making me sit by him, in presence of the people now collected, he inquired into the object of my present engagements, which led to the unfolding of the religious principles of our Society, and various Christian testimonies; after which, in presence of all, he read audibly the translation in French of my certificates, and heard my account, of the care extended by our Society towards their ministers, when thus going abroad as ambassadors for Christ. He said after that, 'I am sorry you have been disturbed; had I been here it would not have been so. If you wish to have any more meetings, I shall have care taken that every arrangement be made, and nobody will disturb you.' I accepted his civility, and we parted; his heart was open towards me. I left with him several books, in French, on religious subjects, which he kindly accepted; and the next day, on my way to Quissac, another town, a messenger, sent by his wife, overtook me, requesting that if I could spare some more of our books for some of their friends, it would oblige her. Among the books I gave were 'Penn's Rise and Progress of Friends,' 'His Maxims,' 'No Cross,' 'No Crown,' and some tracts I had printed at Nîmes; among others the short account of our principles and Christian testimonies, etc. The name of the mayor is Laperouse."

This is one of those incidents of which there are many in the volumes, which place them more closely by the side of George Fox's Journal, than almost any other similar books with which we are acquainted. Another characteristic of the man, was his wonderful aptness for finding a spiritual life in the most remote districts, and drawing it forth from the most unlikely characters—in the heart of Roman Catholic countries—in scenes given over apparently to ignorance, he found those who possessed the true light, not only amongst

simple peasants; he attracted to his confidence nuns and priests, bishops of the Greek Church, and even its Patriarch; and he did not deem that time was at all lost, while he was wending his way to scattered and unknown outcasts like the Malakans and Menonites, and the Duhobortzi of Russia. When in the course of his first visit to Europe, he found himself once more with his mother, he found her in great alarm, on account of his supposed heretical state: she implored him to accompany her to a monk in whom she placed great confidence, hoping that he would convert her son; he yielded to her request, but the monk, foiled in argument, fell into a passion, and in that state Grellet left him, while his mother who had expected a very different result, opened her mind more to the truths of the Bible, when she found how little her favorite priest had to urge in support of the audacious pretensions of his Church. He returned to America, finding his wife still an invalid, though in better health, residing at Greenwich; at the same time, the notorious Thomas Paine was residing at the same place, and in addition to the facts we know of his death-bed, one or two are recorded here. Grellet went to see him, found him in a destitute condition—neglected and forsaken by all his friends—the skin of his body was worn off—he was mostly in a state of stupor, but Grellet said something to him which impressed his mind, and he sent for another Friend; this induced a young woman, in Stephen's absence from home, to call upon the dying infidel, she took him refreshments, he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and what she thought of them, saying: "From you I know I shall have a correct answer." She told him that she had begun to read the "Age of Reason," and had been so darkened and distressed by it, that she had thrown it into the fire. "I wish all had done as you," he replied, "for if the devil has ever had any agency in any book, he had it in writing that book." And she often heard him crying "O Lord! Lord God;" or, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me!" When free from bodily pain, he wrote a great deal. Mary Roscoe, the young woman above referred to, repeatedly saw him writing, but not a word of what he wrote was discovered after his death; the probability is, that as it contradicted his previous convictions, it was destroyed; we may charitably hope that the

Saviour, whose cause had suffered more from his inuendoes and attacks, than from any other modern assailant, did not refuse the mercy the dying blasphemer implored—"He is able to save to the uttermost."

In 1811 he again visited Europe, and we find, in the course of his visit, in 1812, the following remarkable instance of that marvellous manner in which crooked things were made straight for him in his ministry. It was in Dublin he writes:—

"I had a memorable meeting among the seamen. My mind was under considerable exercise towards them, but I did not know that they were then in so peculiar a position. On imparting my concern to Friends, after the close of one of their meetings, they cordially united in it; when a dear friend stated, that though he felt great unity with the concern, he did not see how it could be accomplished; for orders from the Admiralty in London had arrived, to impress as many of the seamen as possible, and that in consequence, not one was now to be seen either on board the vessels or on the quays; adding that he would go out immediately and see what could be done. It was then near twelve o'clock. The Friend went directly to the admiral of the port, with whom he was acquainted, and told him of the religious concern I had towards the seamen. The admiral answered, "It is a hard thing that you ask me; here, read what despatches I have to-day from London; the impressing of men is now going on in the city part of London, heretofore exempt from it, but," added he "if your friend can have his meeting this evening, I give you my word of honor that no impressment shall be made to-night." Now, that was the very time I had it on my mind to have the meeting. Friends, therefore, had public notices printed, in which with the approbation of the admiral, his promise that there should be no impressment that night, was inserted. The notices were distributed at the houses seamen are known to frequent, and where they had concealed themselves. The ground-floor of a large warehouse was prepared and seated for the occasion. The meeting was appointed for seven in the evening, and contrary to the apprehension of some, the sailors turned out in large numbers, so as to crowd the place. After the meeting had been settled in much stillness, there was a bustle near the door, towards which the attention of the sailors was directed with much anxiety. It was the admiral, accompanied by some of his officers. Fears were entertained that he was not true to his promise; but he marched quietly through the seamen, came to the further end, towards me, and took his seat in front of them,

as if to proclaim, 'you see me in your hands before you; you need not fear.' We had a solemn meeting; many of those weather-beaten faces were tendered, even to tears. When the meeting concluded, the admiral, under much feeling and religious tenderness, expressed his sense of gratitude for the Lord's favor extended that evening, and his hope that many of them would be lastingly benefited by this religious opportunity. The meeting separated under that solemnity, and agreeable to the promise of the admiral, no impressment took place that night in Dublin. But the succeeding days, throughout England and Ireland, it continued very rigid, this being the time when France threatened an invasion."

He went in this visit through a considerable portion of Great Britain and Ireland with the burden of souls upon his own soul—all persons interested him; he felt a love for all classes, and desired to speak to them—among the dales of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, where he found much suffering from the high price of provisions and the scarcity of grain. He says, "my horse had but poor fare, and I made as little do as I possibly could; but the Lord has strengthened me every way, blessed and reverend be his name." The business of these dales in those times was to knit stockings, and their industry appears to have surprised the traveller, for he met "men and women and children, walking in the fields, or on the highways, knitting as fast as they can." He sought out the prisoners of war at Stilton in Cambridgeshire; he found in the barracks about six thousand French prisoners, mostly soldiers, guarded by a body of English troops. The poor creatures, as he spoke to them of the love of Christ, and in the love of Christ, said, "Our souls are full of gratitude to the Lord, who has put it into your heart thus to think of us and to feel for us." In London he had a care for Jews, and especially Jewish children; pickpockets and thieves, and abandoned women—he had great fears, especially for the latter meeting—but he called them together and wept over them, and preached Christ the Saviour to them; and he testifies it was a very solemn time indeed. "The Lord's power was over us, the lofty heads, the proud looks, were brought down. I have seldom known such brokenness, and so general, as it was that evening. The meeting remained in the same state during the silence after I had sat down, a silence only inter-

rupted by the sobbings or deep sighs of some of them." Newgate in that day was a horrible place; he visited it, talked with the prisoners, especially those condemned to death; he even interested himself in the child of one man hung the next day; the boy, by the intervention of Friend Grellet, was educated, and became a respectable man. Then he visited Cornwall, and among the miners and fishermen he met the same results of emotion and tears. Visiting his native place again, and Brives, in France, where his mother resided, he found that she had made further advances in the knowledge of Christ, having hope and faith no longer in the pope and in priests, but in Christ alone. Here, with the superior and the nuns of the hospital, he held his meeting. "The aged and venerable superior continued in the greenness of the divine life, manifesting Christian meekness and humility, she collected all the nuns, and we were soon brought into solemn silence before the Lord, who baptized us together by one spirit into one body." At St. Hyppolite, where he held the memorable meeting recorded above, six years since, he had now a very different one; the commissary of police, who had been so rude before, now prepared a spacious and convenient building, had it properly seated, and during the meeting took his seat beside the minister. At the close of a remarkable service, an old popish priest, residing in the town, came and "expressed his gratitude for the favor and the mercy that the Lord had granted that day."

It is not possible in the course of a few pages to follow in detail the wanderings of this excellent man through the many kingdoms and regions of Europe; he passed through scenes of surpassing loveliness and majesty, through mountains glorious and gloomy, through the isles of the Mediterranean, and through courts and palaces; but the things of nature or of art seem never to have touched him; he scarcely alludes once to the former, and never once to the latter through all his journals. He was weighed down and inspired by the instinct of souls. "The weight of the service which the Lord calls me in Europe becomes heavier, and heavier, my whole mind is at seasons absorbed by it. I greatly wonder that services of this kind should be laid upon me in nations whose language I understand not, where I do not know that there is even a practicability to

travel, and where numerous difficulties and great perils must necessarily attend me." This is remarkable in this order of men; it has often been noticed of St. Bernard, of George Fox, of John Wesley; no scene touched the heart, or even seems to have attracted the eye; the one thing, the one concern, was the weight of souls; yet this does not seem to have arisen from inability to perceive, but from the superior and overwhelming interest of spiritual things. Men like Grellet have had especial desire to reach the chambers of kings and emperors. In Russia, of course, he saw the Emperor Alexander: they had met in London, where, with his usual spirit of frank affability, he came to the door of his apartment to meet Grellet and William Allen, and after a long conversation on prayer and the Holy Spirit, he said, "These, your words, are a sweet cordial to my soul, and they will long remain engraven on my heart;" and taking them by the hand, he said, "I part from you as from friends and brethren; feelings which I hope will ever remain with me." In 1819, when our traveler was in Russia, the emperor sent for him again, with William Allen, Grellet's frequent companion. "Like old friends," said the monarch, as he made them sit down by each side of him on the sofa; and again they talked of the Holy Spirit, and of education; they spoke of the condition of his prisons, and showed him a sketch from a prison at Abo, of a man with his fetters upon him, and the emperor was affected, and said, "These things ought not to be—they shall not continue so;" and they mentioned to him the case of a man who had borne heavy chains for eighteen years, for having threatened, in an unguarded moment, to strike his mother. Before they parted, the emperor desired that they should spend some time together in prayer, and they did so after being with him for about two hours. It is gratifying to know that when next they saw him shortly afterwards, one of the first things he told them was, that the chains they saw on the prisoners at Abo were now removed, and that the man they told him of, who had been eighteen years loaded with fetters, was liberated; and he desired that in the course of their progress through Russia, anything of importance noticed in the prisons or other places might be directly communicated to him. The year 1819 was a year of very in-

interesting travels with our itinerant; to us the interest has greatly gone by; it might perhaps be found that the things and states of society described in these journals—the education, the prisons, the social manners and superstitions have scarcely altered at all. Since then the amazing and marvellous powers of steam—of the press—even these are very long in breaking up the rigid lines of old despotisms—the hard and impassable barriers interposed by the iron policies of state and papal craft. But in any case these volumes exhibit to us the celerity and activity of a spiritual mind, and the possibility of uniting together a life of intense activity and spiritual rest; for our laborer rested in his work. It is perhaps the state of such almost invariably apparent, it seems, in workers in the Society of Friends, that it exhibits very little of personal affectionateness, little of the human individual love. “Dear William Allen” is almost the only person mentioned in these volumes, with the exception of the beloved mother, for whom there seems to be a very close humanness of interest. A sweet tenderness pervades all the pages, all the intercourses; but one wonders whether it was not easy to leave home and wife and personal companionships—whether the love was not that of a generally diffused tender light than of a throbbing human heart. These remarks are made, not at all depreciating the human tenderness of this holy man, but it seems inevitable in the development of such a character that the human love, which in its weakness is a necessity, to us, should be so subordinated to the higher, we must say, the more divine and absorbing affection, that perhaps the functions of humanity seem almost to be displaced; it is the thing we have noticed often in all these higher saints. Two or three pleasant little instances occur illustrating the influence which it may be believed our traveller left upon the mind of the emperor, which really seems to have been most religiously and tenderly affected;—

“Whilst at Brussels I heard an interesting circumstance respecting the Emperor Alexander when he was in that place. He had taken a walk through the streets alone, in plain garments, so that his rank was not observable by his dress. A heavy rain came on, which induced him to look for shelter. A tailor’s shop being near, he went in, and entering into conversation with him, inquired about his family, and how he suc-

ceeded in business. The tailor, by his answers, manifested that he was a pious and conscientious man, but under pecuniary embarrassment, not being able to pay the rent of his house and shop. Alexander left him without making himself known; but, to the great surprise of the tailor, a few days after, a person came to him, and handed him the title-deed of the house he lived in, made out in due form to him. It was not till some time after that he found that his benefactor was the Emperor of Russia, and the same unknown person who had taken shelter in his shop.”

The following also shows the emperor’s interest in Friends:—

“On my way from Folkestone to Lewes, I stopped at the house of Nathaniel Rickman, who gave me an account of a very unexpected visit that the Emperor Alexander and his sister had made to his family. On their way to Dover, passing by the house of Nathaniel Rickman, who, with his wife, was standing at their door, the emperor, from their dress, soon recognized them as Friends. He ordered the carriage to stop, and he and his sister went into the house, which is a neat, comfortable farm-house. They cheerfully partook of the refreshment set before them. They visited every part of the house, even the dairy, and found everything in such neatness and order that they were much pleased, and particularly noticed the very becoming behavior of the children.”

Grellet travelled through many parts of Russia; as he had seen its emperor, with like purposes he saw the patriarch. We have seen with what simplicity the first dignitary received him—the second, although really a simple man, thought it necessary to array himself in pontifical pomp to receive the simply attired Quaker; the sublime apparatus of haberdashery does not appear to have interfered either with affability on the one hand, or a faithful proclamation of truth upon the other, but the picture would be a singular one, which should exhibit these two sitting together—the metropolitan in his large purple robe and other embroidered garments, his white tiara blazing with its cross of emeralds, diamonds, and precious stones; gold chain, suspending the picture of one of the chief saints; his sides decorated with small and large stars, and in his hands a string of amber beads. It is curious to contrast with this, a visit paid immediately after to the really great, wise, and pious Archbishop Philaret. This great man and power

in the Greek Church received Grellet with great simplicity, and they talked together of what constitutes the real Christian. Grellet, as seems to have been usual with him, laying hold upon our Scriptural word and working this into the conversation till it found a place and lodgment in the soul. In this case, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," gave him the opportunity of insisting much to the Greek bishop on the new birth. Besides, the empress-mother, who sent for him that she might have a long spiritual conversation, and on parting, said, "I wish to be kept fresh in your prayers," and the Prince Galitzin, who also, after a long spiritual interview, in parting said, "Now, before we separate, let us unite in waiting on the Lord, that he may give us a manifestation of his divine life and presence," our traveller saw other far humbler, we dare to say far more interesting people. Throughout the highest ranks of Russia pious women, princesses, and countesses drew him into their circle; and the really interesting thing to notice is, how much of spiritual life and emotion existed even in the circles we are accustomed to suppose too hard and impenetrable for much divine influence. The Prince Obolunsky held a meeting in his family and whispered, "It is very seldom indeed that such plain and sound truths are proclaimed to us." But leaving courtly scenes, the traveller plunged into the wilderness, stopping at the monastery of Ekaterinoslav to see the great Macarius; he was found in his cell, a very simple place, one table and a few stools its only furniture; the learned monk opened much of his heart to the simple and tender Friend; his experiences, his difficulties, and his conversion to a belief in the power of the Spirit alone as a divine helper in spiritual work. In this place, Grellet met with a people called the Malakans, an order of very spiritual Christians, a kind of Congregationalists, we should think, scattered in various parts of Russia, and numbering nearly one hundred thousand. He says:—

"This morning we had a visit from an old man, eighty years of age, *one of the people called Malakans*, because of some of their religious scruples; they call themselves Spiritual Christians. We had heard of that people, and hoped to meet them, but did not know there were any of them in this place.

There were about twenty families, and we appointed a meeting with them, to be held at our lodgings that evening. Macarius came in as the meeting was gathering; at first, we feared that his presence might mar the religious opportunity; for, during the reigns of Catherine and Paul, this people and the Dubobortzi suffered heavy persecution from the clergy and the government. They did not, however, appear to be at all disturbed by his presence. We were soon all gathered into solemn, silent waiting and prostration of soul before the Lord; this is the manner in which the people meet together for divine worship in silence, which is not interrupted, unless some one present apprehends, under the sensible influences of the divine spirit, that he is required to speak as a minister among them, or to offer vocal prayer. The meeting was a solemn season; conversation with them afterwards made us desirous to know more of their religious principles and doctrines; we therefore appointed another meeting for conference with them, to be held to-morrow morning at one of their houses. After they had retired, Macarius remained for some time absorbed in silent meditation, then, with a flood of tears, he cried out, 'In what a state of darkness and ignorance have I been? I thought I was alone in these parts endeavoring to walk in the light of the Lord, to wait for and sensibly to feel the influences of his spirit, so as to be able to worship him in spirit and in truth; and behold, how great has been my darkness, so that I did not discover that blaze of light here round about me, among a people, poor in the world, but rich in the Lord Jesus Christ.' He left us much affected."

He also met with the Mennonites, a people whose name will be known to most of our readers as having preserved great simplicity of faith and worship. He visited and preached among the Karaite Jews in the charming region of Baktchiserai. While at Karasou bazar, a Tarter village, a deputation came from a Roman Catholic village to request that they might not be passed by; and indeed it is very singular to us to hear the steeple bell ringing to receive the Quaker preacher in the church, full and exciting. "They had lighted their wax-tapers on the altar," says Grellet, "after their usual manner, though the sun shone bright. I did not think much of this. My mind was under deep exercise for the people, with earnest desire that they might come to the light of the Lord, and be gathered in the brightness of his arising. We took our seats with our

backs to the altar, facing the people;" and then said the sexton, "I don't think that anybody else will come, for the whole village is here." "The Lord," says Grellet, "enlarged me in his gospel; the people were directed to Christ, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, the High Priest of our Christian profession, who is very nigh every one of us, and ready to minister in the temple of the heart to every one that waits upon him." These things are very remarkable. They did not understand his language.

The whole intercourse went on by an interpreter, and yet the effects in this and many other such instances seem to have been of the deepest; especially the Malakans seem to have felt the closeness which one spirit gives, even when words are not to be found. As the travellers were leaving the next morning, some were at the door before daylight to bid them farewell, and to bring them their poor but affectionate offering of bread for the journey. There was one, an old man, venerable looking, with a long beard and clothing of sheepskin covering, who appeared very desirous to go a little way with the travellers; he got in, and sat between them, but they could not converse with each other, "yet" says Grellet, "there is a language more powerful than words." He held each of the travellers by the hand, the big tears rolled down his venerable beard. "So," says our traveller, "we rode on several verses in solemn and contrite silence;" then when they came to a water which had to be passed, he took them into his arms with the greatest affection, he kissed them, and got out of the carriage. "On looking back we saw him prostrated on the ground, in the act of worship or prayer to God; and, after he rose, as long as we could discern him, he stood with his face towards us, his hands lifted up. We felt it, as he did, a solemn separation. May the Lord bless and protect that portion of his heritage, a people whom he has raised up by his own power, and instructed by his own free Spirit." We have said, that it is in no connected manner can we follow the tours and travels of this extraordinary Friend, through Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and the Islands of the Archipelago. Charming scenes, but, as we have said, making no thought apparently of their beauty in the mind of the traveller. Occasionally, very rarely, when some festoon of beauty hangs obviously before his

eye, it is noticed; but he never goes out of his way in Corinth or Athens to see columns or marble temples. To him nothing seems beautiful or attractive but human souls. Nature and art are as dust if not as darkness to him. Men, or men and women, the souls, the conditions of men and women, his only objects and interest. Sometimes Romish priests found him; when in Athens, himself in the very mind, the state of Paul when overwhelmed as he saw the city given over to idolatry, a Capuchin friar found him. We do not wonder that Friend Grellet had but little desire to meet with him. The heart of the Friend was in darkness at that time, and a friar did not seem to be a likely person to dissipate its gloom. "On seeing him at a distance, in the rough garb of a Capuchin, with a long beard, I was the more prepossessed against him; but I had hardly exchanged a word with him, when my feelings were totally changed: I saw him in the humble Christian and spiritually-minded man; I felt that I could salute him as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ." Of course he came to express his spiritual confidences and experiences and trials, and we may feel that the wanderings of our traveller were not vain if his words aided in preserving the light of truth burning on the altars of such hearts as the poor friar; they had meetings with each other, and refreshed each other with spiritual worship. Passing through the Greek Isles, our traveller was moved to visit Italy; the state of the prisons interested him much; the gloomy vaults of the Gallerians; the hospitals and the nunneries, in some of which he still had the opportunity of preaching, a priest sometimes acting as interpreter. From Naples he went to Rome, daring and determining to set before the Government some facts connected with prisons. This was in the year 1819, the last of the Pontificate of Pius VII., and when the Cardinal Consalvi was prime minister — a wondrously different being to Antonelli — there seemed then some hope of reformation and change. In the Eternal City we have not one single word upon any object of art or grandeur. St. Peter's, or the Coliseum, or any of the monuments of churches of the ancient or modern civilization are not even mentioned; but he visited painful prisons. He spent much time with Consalvi, who was much interested in all his observations. This was not permitted without some

considerable outcry from the other cardinals, who were greatly offended at the liberty given to Grellet, as they said, to, "pry into all their secret things." Here he was alone too, his friend William Allen had left him, and it often seemed doubtful if his liberty were quite safe. With monks and nuns, however, he still pursued his faithful way. He desired to see the Inquisition, and although Consalvi assured him that he himself could not grant him the permission, it was procured from the Father Mirandi, the head of the Inquisitors. The account he gives of his visit is very interesting, he seems to have seen all, the cells larger or smaller, the prison where Molinos was confined, the place where the Inquisitors sat, where tortures were inflicted on the sufferer, although these things had been since the time of Napoleon matters of the past; he saw the public library of the Inquisition, and the secret library, though, about this last, there seems to have been some hesitation; nothing appears to have been concealed from him, and he appears to have been treated with a distinguished and remarkable consideration by the secretary. He was not permitted to leave Rome without an interview with the pope. With Consalvi his intercourse seems to have been remarkably free; of course in all his intercourse with emperors, kings, and such dignitaries he retained the Quaker-fashion of wearing the hat in presence; it was a principle with the Friends; but a principle we think which might have been parted from; and only one sovereign seems to have been offended at it, the King of Bavaria — and he recovered himself for a farewell of rather extraordinary affectionateness; of course, therefore, the same custom obtained in the following interview. Our readers will be pleased to read for themselves the account:—

"The cardinal came down, and said the pope would see me at twelve o'clock. He knew that the *courrier* by which I had taken my seat for Florence, was to start at one o'clock; but, said he, 'take no thought about that; the *courrier* shall not go till you are ready;' he also said that Capacini would be here in time to wait on me up-stairs, and that he had provided one of his friends, approved by the pope, who would if necessary, serve as interpreter, and moreover be a witness to correct any misrepresentation that envious spirits might attempt to make. I returned to the palace at the time designated; L'Abbé Capacini was waiting for me; we went up-stairs,

through several apartments, in which were the military bodyguard; for the popes are, as kings of Rome, both earthly princes and heads of the church. Thence we entered into the private apartments; the hangings about the windows, coverings of the chairs, etc., were all of brown worsted, or silk of the same color; all very plain. In a large parlor were several priests; among these, the one provided by Consalvi to go in with me to the pope. One, dressed like a cardinal, but who is the pope's valet de chambre, opened the door of his cabinet, and said in Italian, 'The Quaker has come;' when the pope said, 'Let him come in;' on which the priest who was to act as interpreter, led me in, no one else being present; as I was entering the door, some one behind me gently, but quickly, took off my hat, and before I could look for it, the door was quietly closed upon us three. The pope is an old man, very thin; of a mild, serious countenance. The whole of his apartment is very plain. He was sitting before a table; his dress was a robe of fine, white worsted, and a small cap of the same (the cardinals have it red); he had a few papers and books before him; he rose from his seat when I came in, but as he is but feeble, he soon sat down again. He had read my reports to the cardinal respecting many of the visits I had made in Rome, to prisons, etc.; he entered feelingly on some of these subjects, and intends to see that the treatment of prisoners and of the poor boys in the house of correction, and various other subjects, that I have mentioned, should be attended to, so that Christian tenderness and care be exercised; means, as he said, more like to succeed to promote reform among them than harsh treatment. He reprobates the conduct of their missionaries in Greece; also the burning of the Holy Scriptures by the priests and bishops in several places; he acknowledges like Consalvi, that it militates much against the promotion of true Christianity, and is more likely farther to darken the minds of the mass of the people, than to enlighten them. On the subject of the Inquisition, he said, he was pleased I had seen for myself what great changes had been brought about in Rome, in this respect; that it was a long time before he could have effected; that he has made many efforts to have similar alterations introduced into Spain and Portugal; had succeeded in part to have the Inquisition in those nations conducted with less rigor, but was far from having yet obtained his wishes. 'Men,' he said, 'think that a pope has plenitude of power in his hands, but they are much mistaken; my hands are greatly tied in many things;' he, however, expressed his hope that the time was not far distant when Inquisitions everywhere will be

totally done away. He assented to the sentiment, that God alone has a right to control the conscience of man, and that the weapons of a Christian should not be carnal but spiritual. The fruits of the Spirit being described, he said that to produce such and for the same end, should spiritual weapons be used. I represented to him what I had beheld in many places in Europe and the West Indies, of the depravity and vices of many priests and monks, what a reproach they are to Christianity, and what corruption they are the means of spreading widely over the mass of the people. I then stated what is the sacred office of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, a priest of God; what the qualifications for that office should be, and who alone can bestow them. As I was speaking on these and other subjects connected therewith, the Pope said several times on looking at the priest present, 'These things are true' and the priest's answer was, 'They are so.' Other subjects were treated upon, as, the kingdom of God, the Government of Christ in his church, to whom alone the rule and dominion belong; that he is the only door, the only Saviour, and that those who attempt to enter in by any other door but him, are accounted as thieves and robbers. Finally, as I felt the love of Christ flowing in my heart towards him, I particularly addressed him; I alluded to the various sufferings he underwent from the hands of Napoleon; the deliverance granted him from the Lord; and queried whether his days were not lengthened out to enable him to glorify God and exalt the name of the Lord our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, as the only Head of the Church, the only Saviour, to whom alone every knee is to bow, and every tongue is to confess; that such a confession from him, in his old age, would do more towards the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the promotion of his glory, than the authority of all the popes, his predecessors, was ever able to do; moreover, that thereby his sun, now near setting would go down with brightness, and his portion in eternity would be with the sanctified ones, in the joys of his salvation. The pope whilst I thus addressed him, kept his head inclined and appeared tender; then rising from his seat, in a kind and respectful manner he expressed a desire that 'the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I go,' on which I left him.

"On returning to the other apartment, my hat was given me, and excuses were made for having taken it away, stating that, as this is done when our friends appear before the king in England, they thought they could not do otherwise on the present occasion. They also said: 'The pope must have been much pleased with your visit, for we have never known him give one half so much time to any-

body in a private audience, nor conversing with them as he has done with you.' My soul magnifies the Lord, my strength and my help. The work is his, and the glory also! May he bless the work of his own hands!"

"The priest who was with me before the pope, was very tender, and has now taken leave of me in great affection. Consalvi met me as I came down from the pope's apartment. He renewed the expression of his desire to serve me whenever he can; and in Christian love, we took a solemn farewell of one another.

"I came to my inn to prepare for my journey; it was a considerable time after the hour at which the *courrier* usually sets off; but when I came to the post-house, I met one of the attendants of the cardinal, who told me that the *courrier* had orders to wait for me; that, therefore, I need not hurry myself. I was, however, ready to go."

All this is very remarkable. Each door the good man touched seemed to open before him, and, as we have seen, it was given to him, in Russia, by his intercourse with the emperor, to ameliorate the condition of prisoners, so in Italy, the wretched criminal in his miserable cell had felt the force of that character, which the highest nobles and ecclesiastics had acknowledged.

Passing through Bavaria and Wurtemberg, where kings and queens and hospitals seem to have been his principal objects of visitation, he crossed over into France. Here at Milhau, another reception awaited him. He tells us how he had crossed high mountains through severe cold, seizing each opportunity he could for the proclamation of salvation to sinners. When arriving at Milhau, and sitting down to dinner, wearied, he was arrested by gens d'armes on suspicion of being concerned in the assassination of the Duc de Berri; he was soon liberated, and apologies made for the roughness of the gens d'armes. Pursuing his travel, his heart was constantly affected by the sight of sorrow and distress; he passed through villages, many of whose inhabitants were widows and orphans, reduced to poverty by husbands and fathers having lost their lives in the wars. "When I stop by the way," says he, "in villages or towns, to take refreshment, the crowd of the poor that gathered so affected me, that I had no comfort in taking my meals." Once more he saw his beloved aged mother, now above eighty years old. "Her mind," he says, "is clear, and she is green in the divine life. The

Lord Jesus is truly precious to her." Again, after spending some time in England, in 1820 he returned home. He writes:—

"New York, 8th of eighth month, 1820. I landed here last evening, and met my beloved wife and daughter, who came two days since from Burlington, to await my arrival; and they did not wait long. Our hearts overflowed with gratitude at our being permitted to meet again, after an absence of two years and two months, during which I have travelled about twenty-two thousand miles. Silent and reverent prostration of soul before the Lord was our only language to one another for some time; then, on bended knees, and with a bowed spirit, thanksgiving, adoration, and praise were offered to the Lord."

But he did not rest at home long, he soon started off on religious visits through various States of America, especially through the Southern States, earnestly seeking the welfare of persecuted slaves, holding meetings among the scattered people of wild forest and prairie regions; in all ways seeking to bring men to Christ. The part he took in the great Hicksite controversy will scarcely be interesting to our readers; of course he was found on the orthodox side. In 1831, he took a fourth missionary journey to Europe, as interesting as the last. We follow him with interest through Holland and the Rhine country, through Hanover and Brunswick to Berlin. The same interests which held him before, hold him still. Schools and prisons, and the work of the Saviour; and again we meet with the same disposition to move among the higher classes, and to win their interests, to bless and ameliorate the condition of the lower. He visits the Moravians at Herrnhut, and he says, "We thought it was good for us to be there." Through the bleak mountains of Silesia and Bohemia; through populations, principally of Roman Catholics, and through populations of Jews. In Prague, he writes:—

"On my return to the inn I found the waiter in my chamber, attentively engaged in reading in my French Bible. He appeared at first disconcerted, and began to make apologies, but I soon removed his fears. He said that he had not seen a Bible for some years; formerly he had access to one which it was his delight to peruse, and here it was impossible for him to obtain one, and if he did, he should be obliged to keep it closely concealed from the priests. On conversing with him, we found him to be a person of a pious, seeking mind; he knows several others under like

religious concern with himself; but they are obliged to keep very silent, otherwise persecution or a prison would soon be their portion. We presented him with a Bible in German, and a few tracts in the same language; it seemed as if he was receiving a treasure, which, he said, both he and his friends would greatly appreciate, and endeavor to keep very private. There are, we hear, many such pious and hidden ones in Bohemia, well known unto the Lord though unknown to man."

His way through Austria was made plain for him by the Prince Paul Esterhazy. He had enquired of the prince if he should find places to lodge at in a wild region on his route, and the prince had told him, he must expect to find a plain and simple people, but some kind of shelter, and simple and wholesome food; but the prince sent his own plain travelling carriage, and a man to accompany him; it fled on from post-station to post-station, the postmasters instructed to receive no money, as it was in the prince's service; and when they arrived at Eisenstadt, where he expected to find "some kind of shelter, and the plain but simple food," he was driven to the prince's spacious palace. Dinner had been prepared by the steward, and orders given to facilitate the entrance of Grellet into all the villages of the neighborhood. Leaving Austria he passed into Bavaria, still with his missionary speech—in villages inhabited by Roman Catholics exclusively, he says he found the same openness among people and priests. Sometimes they wished him to go into the church, but he ordinarily preferred speaking in the school-house. Sometimes he came to a village of Mennonites, as in the following:—

"It was noon when we came to the village of the Mennonites. Those who had been in the fields had just returned home to their dinner, their minister, who had been at the plow, on being told that we wished to see the people collected together, mounted one of his horses and spread the information with such speed, that in a very short time, men, women, and children were assembled; on coming to the grounds that they cultivate, we had been forcibly struck by the neatness and luxuriance of their fields, where hardly a weed could be seen; but on sitting with them, we contemplated with much greater admiration what we saw of their Christian deportment and felt of their spirits; there was before us what seemed to be a field that the Lord has blessed, and which he waters

from his holy habitation. The gospel given us to preach among them had free course in their hearts, — men, women, and children were broken into tears, and the Baron Bader, whilst interpreting our communications, was greatly affected. It was a most solemn time. These dear people followed us on our departure out of their village, and continued to look after us as long as we remained in sight."

In the page following, we find him with the queen. He says: "We spoke a few words to the princesses, to encourage them to walk in the fear of God; presented them with small books for daily meditation." The queen told him that "the girls would not fail daily to peruse them." The following day the king sent for him, expressing his pleasure that he was in his dominions again. They had a long and interesting conversation on the treatment of prisoners, the protection of the Mennonites, and the king said, "These hours we have spent together are among the most precious of my life." As he was leaving the palace, a messenger from the queen handed him a letter from her, expressing once more an affectionate Christian farewell: thanking him for the visit of the day before, the solemnity of which she still continued to feel, asking for his prayers, that she might be supported under trials and temptations, and signing herself simply "Pauline."

Our readers will gather from the interest of the passages we have cited, and the regions through which we have passed, the interest of the volumes in general, and of those many pages on which we are unable to loiter. We find Grellet in the Ban de la Roche, where his sermon was blessed to the conversion of the son of Oberlin, a wild and dissolute man, who had concluded on that very night to enlist as a soldier, but was prevented by the word, which in his venerable father's church, from the lips of this strange preacher, fell into his soul. He seems to have been much delighted in meeting with the faithful Louisa, the right-hand of Oberlin, and with his beloved daughter. From the neighborhood round, the people thronged down the rocky mountains to the meeting, and we have seen that the meeting was not in vain. He visited the Waldenses; went from village to village, from township to township; and was pleased to find nuns, who, amidst the round of forms that their religious order requires, enjoyed Christ the substance. It was in 1833

—thirteen years had past by since he had seen his mother, and she was still alive; Grellet was now sixty years of age, and now he took his last farewell. "We all prostrated ourselves together before the Lord in our spirits." He says, "My much-beloved and honored mother also; my dear Sister Le Clerc, and her numerous family. I parted from my mother, and she from me, as never expecting to see one another again on this side of eternity." His chief intention in visiting Europe was to visit Spain; and upon the minds of the king and queen he made so favorable an impression, that orders were given in the *Gazette*, everywhere to facilitate his progress and entrance to the people. His interview with king and queen is very graphic, but we cannot stay to quote it. After a short residence with his beloved friend, William Allen, in England, he arrived at the close of his missionary labors in distant nations. He had been led under a remarkable coincidence, between the openings of Providence and the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and events have proved how surely he had been guided aright. He travelled home, and spent the remainder of his years in stillness, only broken by ministrations in his own neighborhood and meeting. How beneficial is this glimpse he gives of himself, and of his spiritual state, when he says:—

"Poverty is my clothing. My station in great measure is with a Moredcai at the gate; but it is the gate of the King eternal, the holy and blessed Redeemer. I trust that I may not be thought to assume too much by saying, that at this gate, in that stripped state, in that poverty, I am permitted through adorable mercy, to sit with great delight. It is an unspeakable favor that I am now permitted to mend my own net; but, during this private, personal enjoyment, my heart is not straitened, but as much enlarged as ever in love, gospel love, towards my friends and others, near and afar off. Sometimes I covet that such as have suffered little pebbles to stand in the way of this pure stream, might feel how sweetly it flows from my heart towards them.

"The spirit of prayer is sweet; it proceeds from the ocean of pure love; mercy gives access to it; it knows no bounds; under this sense I salute all my friends."

To the latest year of his life tender interests and care for souls continued. Beautifully, when at the age of seventy-three, he says: "And when the shepherd findeth the

lost sheep, after leaving the ninety and nine in the wilderness, how does he bring it home? Does he whip it? Does he drive it? Does he threaten it? No such thing! He carries it on his shoulders, and deals more tenderly with the poor, weary, wandering one!" Such tearful and tender words seem to us a key to that deep tenderness of feeling, which in all climes and countries, and in remote Cossack wildernesses, opened the iron gateways which fence the hearts of kings, and broke down the fences and palisades round the souls of boors and peasants. After a life of such brilliant and holy adventure, it seems strange and beautiful to think of him at home, sinking down into "the valley of the shadow of death" through perfect peace. In that home, a well-known and well-loved friend of our own, called upon him in that last year of his life, and has printed upon our mind the perfect picture of peace and calm, with which the old man and his wife, on opposite sides of their fireplace, sat waiting for the messenger, who soon came.

Stephen Grellet died that year 1855, at the age of eighty-two. Many men have been more talked of—there are few who deserve more honor—it is really one of the most apostolic lives we ever remember to have read. We have not said a word about the biographer—we shall not be acting righteously if we do not say one farewell word. He keeps himself out of sight throughout the volumes. There is scarce a line to remind us of him; but the work has been compiled with an admirable and conscientious judiciousness. We cannot wish it condensed by a single page. It is a work of abounding interest. We have said the works of Friends are little known beyond their own bookshelves; but it is impossible that any can read this without a feeling akin to awe, at a simplicity so transparent and active, and single-minded labors so marvellous and abundant; and with a thought too of wonder that while lesser laborers receive eulogics so successively and homage so universal, this quiet but earnest and almost ubiquitous heart, should be almost unknown.

FRESH victories have we to record of the healing-art—or rather science, as it ought undoubtedly to be called, seeing that the welfare of mankind is the noblest end and aim of all true science. An Edinburgh physician, Dr. Smart, has discovered that the unsightly pitting—that sad *souvenir* which the smallpox so often leaves behind it—can be entirely prevented by masking the parts generally attacked with a solution of india-rubber in chloroform. More recently still MM. Jules Erhmann and Aymini have announced that the painful symptoms, and more painful operations which too often of necessity follow the formation of calculi in the human subject, are prevented by the use of the electrical current and a certain tonic lithotriptic liquid which theoretically and practically dissolve the calculus. This altogether desirable result has already been obtained by M. Aymini, who, in conjunction with Professor Paccocchi of Turin, and the Chevalier Fioretta, surgeon to the Duchess of Parma, has tried the discovery on two subjects, one of them an adult, and with the greatest success, and with scarcely any inconvenience to the patients.

J. N. L.

We have a curious incident from the Mississippi army, illustrating the feeling and attitude of the negroes. Captain Dwight, one of four brothers serving in the Northern army, in riding from his own camp to that of his brother, General Dwight, found himself surrounded by a party

of four Confederates. Being quite unarmed, he declared himself their prisoner, but one of the captors suggesting that it would be better to shoot him down, he fell, with a ball through his head. The body was recovered and taken to the youngest brother's hotel at New Orleans. When Mr. Dwight entered the empty room where the corpse lay the next morning, he found the walls draped with muslin, and the room filled with a profusion of Southern flowers, and was told that this had been done by the negro women during the night. On receiving his thanks they asked him how they could do enough for soldiers who were dying in their cause; all they asked was, that their sons and brothers might be allowed to fight by the side of the Northern soldiers. They have proved again and again that they are their equals in courage, perhaps their superiors in discipline; and this, among many similar stories, proves that many of them are not inferior even in that delicacy and nobleness of sentiment which is supposed to be the monopoly of culture.

—Spectator, 11th July.

In the Department of Allier, near the railway station of Saint Geraud le Pays, between La Palisse and St Germain des Fossés, the ruins of a splendid Roman villa of the time of Augustus, with mosaic floors and magnificent frescoes, have been discovered; and further excavations are being carried on most vigorously.

From The Westminster Review.

GAMESTERS AND GAMING-HOUSES.

1. *Les Faucheurs de Nuit: Joueurs et Joueuses.* Par Edouard Gourdon. Deuxième Edition. Paris: A. Bourdillat et Cie. 1860.
2. *Die Homburger Spielhölle in geschichtlicher und aktenmässiger Beleuchtung.* Aus dem in Frankfurt, a. M. erscheinenden. "Volksfreund für das Mittlere Deutschland," abgedruckt. Frankfurt-am-Main: Wilhelm Küchler. 1862.
3. *Jeu de la Roulette.* Par J. H. B—. Homburg-ès-Monts; Fred Fraunholz. 1853.
4. *Guide du Spéculateur au Trente-et-Quarante, avec la Manière de faire en Six Mois plus de 50 Capitaux.* Par un Ancien Notaire. Seconde Edition. Hombourg-ès-Monts: Louis Schick. 1860.

Four months ago the gossips of Paris were regaling their acquaintances with a story which, though strongly resembling a cleverly concocted fiction,* was yet proved in a court of justice to be true to the letter. It ran thus. On the 4th of February last, a Madame Julia Barucci, having taken possession of a new house, celebrated the event by inviting about thirty guests to supper. The lady's antecedents are unknown to us. Our knowledge of her is limited to these few facts; she was twenty-five years of age; though unmarried, she had changed her name repeatedly, and was an object of attraction to a large circle of gentlemen. We may justly infer that she was a prominent member of that sisterhood of Love which, unbound by vows, and untrammelled by principles, devotes its energies to the attainment of the seemingly incompatible ends of assiduously pursuing pleasure, and rapidly accumulating gold. The hostess and her guests were well matched. Among the latter was a Signor Garcia, who had achieved a temporary notoriety at Homburg and Baden, by winning seventy-five thousand pounds in the course of two seasons, and then being reduced to beggary after a few months' play, and who, in addition to the vicissitudes of fortune, had experienced the extremes of popular feeling by being envied and extolled when rich, and heartily despised when impoverished. Signor Calzador, the manager of the Italian Theatre at Paris, was a guest whom the others regarded with dislike, and with whom Signor Garcia alone was on terms of intimacy. This

dislike was attributable, not to the well-known circumstance of his being a gamester, but to the general belief that he was a cheat. What was then only suspected, was afterwards clearly demonstrated. He was not only a card-sharper, but a card-sharper of an exceptionally bold and original kind. On one occasion he proceeded to Havana, and bought up every pack of cards in the place. He had previously freighted a vessel with marked playing-cards, which arrived opportunely to supply the dealers whose stocks were completely exhausted. When the cards he had prepared and imported were in common use, he played incessantly and for high stakes, and, as a matter of course, was invariably a winner. The most welcome of all the guests was Signor Miranda, gentleman of the Queen of Spain's household. He had previously distinguished himself by his alacrity in gaming on every occasion, and for his capacity to lose large sums of money. That he was prepared to play high on this evening was proved by his coming to the party with one hundred thousand francs in his pockets.

As soon as the guests had assembled, Signor Garcia arranged a rouge-et-noir table. His countrymen, Signors Calzador and Miranda, took part in the game, and the latter soon won thirty thousand francs. The serious business of the evening was then interrupted by the announcement that supper was ready. After supper, when the guests were suitably heated and excited with wine, they engaged in a game of baccarat. This game is prohibited in France as hazard is in England, and for the like reason, that it is a game of chance. Signor Garcia absented himself from the room for half an hour. Under the pretext of wishing to smoke a cigar, he went into a private chamber, where he disposed about his person several packs of cards which he had brought with him. On returning to the gaming-table he began to play for high stakes. His success was extraordinary. In a short time he won one hundred and forty thousand francs, chiefly from Signor Miranda. Signor Calzador, who followed Garcia's lead, won a large sum also. The exceptionally good fortune of Garcia, and the marvellous character of the cards which he held, aroused the astonishment of the players, and drew forth comments from the onlookers. At length it was perceived that some of the cards in Garcia's hand were of different colors, and did

not belong to the packs provided by the hostess. Thereupon he was charged with foul play. He admitted having introduced cards of his own; but alleged that he had played fairly, and had brought certain packs from his club merely because they always proved lucky cards to him. Of the reality of his luck there could be as little question as of the infamy of his conduct. He offered as a matter of favor, and on condition that the affair should be hushed up, to refund his winnings, and produced the sum of fifty thousand francs. Those whom he had cheated once, were not to be deluded now into accepting a third part in place of the whole. A scene then occurred which, if represented on the stage, would be hissed because of its improbability, and if described in a novel would be censured by the critics because of its absurdity. Fearing lest he should be forcibly despoiled of his ill-gotten winnings, Garcia tried to escape from the house. Finding the door bolted, he rushed into a room and hid himself in a corner. After being chased by his lynx-eyed and enraged pursuers from room to room, and from one hiding-place to another, he was finally stripped of all the money in his possession. Signor Calzado was then asked to display the contents of his pockets, or suffer himself to be searched. He refused to do either; but stealthily allowed a roll of bank notes, to the value of sixteen thousand francs, to slip down his trousers and fall on the floor. The roll was picked up and handed to him, but he denied all knowledge of it. The brother cheats were then permitted to leave the house. It was found, after their departure, that they had carried with them at least forty thousand francs.

The result of this scandalous affair was the public trial of the offenders. Calzado appeared in person; Garcia had fled the country. Both were convicted of malpractices. Garcia was sentenced to five years, and Calzado to thirteen months' imprisonment, in addition to fines of three thousand francs each. Moreover, they were ordered to pay jointly the sum of thirty-one thousand francs to Signor Miranda. Although on this occasion Madame Barucci escaped punishment, yet it will fare worse with her should she again be placed in a similar position. The police will henceforward keep both herself and her visitors under a supervision so strict, that should she a second time permit prohib-

ited games to be played at her house, she will be apprehended without hesitation and punished without mercy.

Neither the severity of the law of France, nor the vigilance of the French police, can check the frequent occurrence of scenes like the one we have just described; yet the formidable obstacles put in the way of gamblers deter many from commencing to play, even while they do little to hinder those who habitually game, from persevering in the practice. M. Gourdon, in his instructive work on this subject, tells us, that in order to avoid inevitable detection, professional gamblers change their quarters weekly, and even nightly; hence it is a matter of some difficulty for the initiated themselves to discover, on any given evening, where their fellow-gamblers will assemble. The most ardent and persistent gamblers are women. Both the young and the old, the comely and the ill-favored, hazard everything in order to gratify this taste, and usually succeed in gratifying it to the full. To the young, who deny themselves no sensual delight, this furnishes an additional pleasure, while the old who can no longer practise the degrading vices which they love, find in gaming a fresh and unfailing excitement. There exist in Paris female associations for the indulgence of the taste for play. M. Gourdon contrived to attend a meeting of one of these societies. If his description of what took place be a truthful one, the votaries of pleasure who thus assemble are the victims of the cruellest of punishments.

In Paris, as elsewhere, gaming having ceased to be a fashionable vice, is no longer commended or tolerated by good society. To become rich by gaming is considered disreputable; but to acquire wealth by speculating at the Bourse is regarded as both honorable and legitimate. The speculator has superseded the gambler. Lewis the Fourteenth accorded his favor to Dangeau, who had made a fortune by play, while Napoleon the Third patronized Mirès, the notorious speculator. There is this difference between the two monarchs; the former induced his subjects to game, by setting them the example; the latter merely affords his subjects every possible facility for risking and losing their money in gambling speculations.

The passionate fondness of Lewis the Fourteenth for play was partly attributable to his

early training. Cardinal Mazarin, himself a confirmed gamester, lost no opportunity of imbuing the young king with a taste for play, and did not scruple to profit by his skill, and win large sums from the king. It was notorious that Mazarin would resort to foul means when by playing fairly he could not win. Of course he did not know what cheating meant: ecclesiastics always affect ignorance of the real names of vices. He admitted that "he made proper use of his advantages," and maintained that he was justified in so doing. On one occasion the principal personages of the time were the admiring spectators of a performance which might be accurately styled—"Diamond cut Diamond." The spectacle was Mazarin and the Chevalier de Grammont playing together at cards, and each trying to gain the advantage over the other by cheating!

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the surest passport to public notice and distinction in France was to play desperately, to lose freely or to win largely. Montesquieu satirizes this with his usual force and point in his "Persian Letters." In the sixty-fourth letter, Usbek informs Ibben that "gaming is commonly practised in Europe. It is even followed as a profession, and the title of gamester is held to be equivalent to birth, to possessions, and to probity. Its holder is ranked, without inquiry, among honorable men, notwithstanding everybody is aware that to judge thus is to be frequently deceived. Still, in this matter, people are determined to remain incorrigible."

St. Simon records that the most distinguished member of Lewis the Fourteenth's court was a duke who had the reputation of cheating at play, and that a Princess Harcourt openly cheated, and on being detected manifested neither shame nor concern, but simply laughed and pocketed her winnings. However, it was necessary for the ladies of that age to reconcile piety with avarice, to quiet their consciences and fill their purses. If, on going to confession they acknowledged having won unfairly, absolution was either refused them, or else a severe penance was enjoined. To prevent unpleasant scenes with their spiritual guides, without abandoning their malpractices, the following plan was devised and executed. Those who had won equal sums at play formally presented these

sums to each other. They carefully avoided using the phrase "interchange of winnings." What they did were acts of pure charity. A confessor could hardly reproach the penitent who confessed to having cheated at play, but who had at once distributed in charity the sums she had improperly acquired! Certainly, the elasticity of the female conscience is only less wonderful than the depths of female ingenuity.

The famous Law first gained notoriety by his extravagant play and his extraordinary good fortune. He was the most daring and successful of gamesters. So uniform and remarkable was his success, that he became an object of suspicion to M. d'Argenson, chief of the police. Law had the skill, however, to gain millions at play, and to escape being detected and convicted as a cheat. The rage for gaming which prevailed during the regency was not modified when Lewis the Fifteenth became king. The latter monarch was too much the slave of his appetites to take delight in gaming; but he neither disapproved of it, nor did his subjects refrain from indulging in it. On the contrary, they gamed with an effrontery altogether unparalleled, and almost inconceivable. Foreign and impartial testimony fully corroborates the statements of French writers on this point. Horace Walpole, who visited Paris in 1739, thus relates in a letter to Richard West his impressions of what he witnessed there: "You would not easily guess their notions of honor: I will tell you one: it is very dishonorable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service, as they call it: and it is no dishonor to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least one hundred and fifty of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, etc. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Gesvre's pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the Princesses of the Blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses."

Lewis the Sixteenth was the reverse of a profligate, and he detested gaming. His queen, on the other hand, was devotedly attached to faro and lansquenet, and counteracted by her daily practice the good example set by her husband. During the reign of Lewis the Sixteenth, as well as the reigns of his predecessors, various laws had been

passed against gaming, and had been rigorously enforced against the middle and poorer classes. The revolution came, and the laws which prohibited gaming were broken with the same impunity as laws of every other description. A gaming-house was opened in every street, and the people gave free scope to their passion for play. Up to the time of the directory, there were four thousand of these houses in full operation in Paris alone. When Bonaparte rose to power, one of his first acts was to grapple with the crying evil. His first thought was to suppress gaming-houses altogether; but he abandoned this project and resolved to license them. The arrangement which he made continued till 1838, when public gaming was prohibited by law. The last company which farmed the Parisian gaming-houses paid the government two hundred and seventy thousand pounds for the privilege. There were six houses—Frascati's, the Salons, and four in the Palais Royal. The daily average number of players was three thousand, while one thousand were generally refused admittance. The clear profit made in 1837 was seventy-six thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum three-fourths were handed over to the city of Paris, leaving nineteen thousand pounds for distribution among the members of the company.

The French, having signally failed in subjugating Europe, are wont to console themselves with the thought that those who successfully defied their arms have been forced to copy their fashions and adopt their language. With equal truth, they might boast of having invented and named nearly all those games of chance which the laws of any enlightened nation prohibit being played in public, and which are never played at all by civilized and sensible men in any part of the world. But the governments of several minor German States openly sanction and support what the governments of greater nations denounce as an incalculable evil. Although the inhabitants of those States in which games of chance are publicly played, regard gaming establishments with a well-founded abhorrence, yet they have hitherto been unable to persuade their rulers to suppress them. It is argued that as the owners of these establishments pay large sums of money to the State for the privilege of conducting them, the rulers of the State act rightly in receiving the money and in disregarding the

objections of those who hold that to increase the revenue in such a way is both immoral and impolitic. Curiously enough, these establishments are usually owned and managed by Frenchmen. For example, Baden is more a French than a German town. The proprietor of its gaming-house is a Frenchman; the majority of its visitors come from France; French is the language principally spoken; French plays are performed in its theatre; in short, Baden is simply a portion of the most disreputable part of the Palais Royal planted on German territory. Homburg, its chief rival, is less exclusively French, yet it owes nearly as much to France as Baden does. A Frenchman founded and now conducts the Homburg gaming-house. Of this house, which is at once the principal attraction and the greatest curse of Homburg, we shall proceed to give an account.

Homburg, though half the size and containing half the population of Richmond-on-Thames, is a capital city, the seat of a court, and the head-quarters of an army. Hesse-Homburg, of which it is the capital, is a little larger than Richmond Park. The destinies of this State are guided by a landgrave, who has a castle to dwell in and a ministry to assist him in discharging his arduous duties. Were his State invaded, his army could make but a feeble resistance, seeing that it consists of one infantry regiment only. The manufactures for which Homburg is famous are stockings; the natural products with which it has been enriched are mineral waters. It has to thank its landgrave for the gaming-house which has made it renowned throughout the world.

In 1840 two Frenchmen, named Francis and Lewis Blanc, having acquired thirty thousand florins by play, wished to invest their capital in a gaming-house, and asked the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg for permission to establish such a house in his capital. On what terms their request was granted we do not know. But the house was opened; play commenced, and the capital was lost. In this emergency the Government advanced them, without interest, from one to one hundred and fifty thousand florins. Most probably, the price of this advance was a share in the profits. In 1847 the brothers Blanc obtained the consent of the Government to form a company for the purpose of extending the operations of the gaming-house and of con-

ducting its affairs. The name of the company was cleverly chosen to cloak the designs of its promoters—it was called, a “Scrip Company for leasing conjointly the Pump-room and Mineral Springs.”

The original capital was one million of florins, divided into two thousand shares, of five hundred florins each. Twelve years after the company was established, the capital had been increased by successive issues of shares to four millions two hundred thousand florins, equal to three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. The market value of the capital in 1862 was ten millions of florins, equal, in round numbers, to eight hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Fifty florins per share was the average dividend. The shares had been reduced in value from five to one hundred florins, and every holder of an original five hundred florin share had exchanged it without additional payment for fifteen one hundred florin shares. The dividends which the holders of the original shares had received, amounted to one hundred and fifty per cent. on their outlay. It is alleged by the author of a pamphlet on the “Hells of Homburg,” that dividends even more enormous have been earned, but not paid, because of the manager and directors having appropriated sums which ought to have been distributed among the shareholders. What gives a color to this allegation is, that M. Blanc, the managing director, is said to have accumulated a fortune of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. Seeing that, shortly after founding the gaming-house, he lost his entire capital, he has been unusually fortunate to acquire so large a fortune within less than twenty years. It is quite certain that the company's annual profits exceed a quarter of a million sterling. Surely the gamblers at Homburg pay a very heavy tax for their enjoyment!

At Homburg, and elsewhere, the Russians are notable for prodigality in squandering money; as gamblers, they play with persistence, and lose with indifference. Equally reckless, but far more excitable and demonstrative, are the Americans. Whether Confederates or Federals, they dearly love play, and indulge their passion for it without scruple. Frenchmen and Germans compose one-half of the floating population of Homburg, and are the most untiring frequenters of the gaming-rooms. Few of them, how-

ever, either risk large sums or incur heavy losses. When a Frenchman does lose, the loss is serious. In his estimation, life without the means for enjoying it is not worth having; consequently after losing his last guinea he generally meditates, and often commits suicide. With a fondness for theatrical display which characterizes his nation, a Frenchman studies effect even in death. At Homburg, the favorite mode of ending his existence is blowing out his brains with a pistol, in the room where his ruin has been effected. When such a catastrophe happens, the gamblers first exhibit a momentary surprise, and then manifest considerable annoyance at the temporary suspension of the game. No sooner has the palpitating corpse been removed, the blood-stained and brain-strewn floor washed and polished than the game is resumed and the dead man forgotten. All these things have been known to occur within the brief space of ten minutes. Prominent among the frequenters of the rooms by the readiness with which they stake considerable sums, distinguished from all the others by the external equanimity with which they bear alike the smiles and the frowns of fortune, are those players whom their apparel, demeanor, and accent emphatically proclaim to be Englishmen. They meet their losses without repining, because their purses are generally well-filled, and because they know that the loss of fifty or a hundred pounds will merely result in the shortening of their tour and the hastening of their return home. If a Frenchman or German loses a similar amount, he will be greatly inconvenienced, and perhaps seriously embarrassed. Now and then an Englishman of rank and wealth leaves behind him an amount which of itself adds considerably to the dividends of the company. There is a tradition at Homburg, that not many years ago an impulsive and reckless member of the House of Commons, who now exercises considerable authority over the United Kingdom inhabited by men as reckless and impulsive as himself, frequented the gaming-rooms for a few days, and lost the large sum of six thousand pounds. Whether this be true or the reverse, it is unquestionable that the company never had so prosperous a year as that in which this visit is reported to have occurred.

But men do not visit Homburg for the sole purpose of enriching a gaming company.

If they go thither to play, it is because they expect to win. That a few do leave Homburg richer than they arrived is just possible, and even probable; but they are exceedingly rare exceptions to the general rule. A player may win for a time; if so, he will persevere in the hope of continuing to win, and in the end will assuredly lose both his winnings and something to boot. He may possess sufficient resolution to stop after a fortunate stroke; yet he will certainly return to the room again, either on the next day or during another season, and then the company will have its revenge. The greatest and saddest of delusions is the belief entertained by many that wealth can be acquired by gaming. At such games as roulette and rouge-et-noir the beginner has the same chances as the adept; experience neither gives skill nor teaches prudence. But it is unnecessary to argue the question; how can the original shareholders in the Homburg Gaming Company have received yearly dividends at the rate of one hundred and fifty per cent. on their capital, if those who game carry away much money with them?

Just as some men continually delude themselves into the conviction that they have succeeded either in squaring the circle, or in discovering a means for producing perpetual motion, so do others work themselves into believing that they have invented a system of play, which, if practiced, will render losing impossible, and winning a certainty. M. Gourdon assures us, what we can readily believe, that numbers of monomaniacs of the latter kind are to be met with in Paris. He was acquainted with one of them. This was a man, twenty-five years of age, who was well connected, and had been well educated. All the works treating of games of chance he had carefully studied, and thoroughly mastered every system that had been devised. He calculated chances, grouped figures, weighed, so to speak the imponderable, and arrived at conclusions in favor of his own theory with a confidence, a logic, and a precision altogether astonishing. No professor of mathematics could have solved a problem more clearly and satisfactorily. Not only could he demonstrate the goodness of his system, but could incontrovertibly explain wherefore the systems of his predecessors had disappointed their expectations. All that he required to put his

scheme into successful operation was a loan of ten thousand francs, which he obtained. A fortnight after he had started for Homburg, M. Gourdon received a letter from him, dated from a frontier town and which ran thus:—"I have arrived from Germany, having left, you know where, the money I took along with me. Want of money has forced me to stop here. I require a hundred franc in order to return to Paris, and I beg that you will forward them to me." He added in a postscript—"Pray excuse my being without four sous wherewith to prepay this letter." The next time M. Gourdon saw him, he said that he had reconsidered his system, and discovered wherein it was defective. On this M. Gourdon remarks—"he could hardly have spoken otherwise of a simple error of addition."—(pp. 225-6).

When Don Quixote was preparing to set out as a knight-errant, he furnished up an old suit of armor which had been used by his ancestors, and which he found in his garret. Unfortunately, the helmet was incomplete, there being only a simple headpiece without a beaver. This defect he supplied by forming and fastening to the helmet a vizor of pasteboard. He next proceeded to try the strength of the helmet by smiting it with his sword. The first stroke clove it in twain; thereupon, he substituted an iron plate for the pasteboard vizor. As the helmet now seemed sufficiently strong, he thought it needless to test its strength, so placing it on his head he sallied forth to aid and succor the helpless and the distressed. Now a system-monger acts precisely like Don Quixote. Having invented a system whereby he will infallibly win money at play, he tests it practically, and is beggared in consequence. Detecting the causes of failure, he ingeniously removes them, and thus renders his system perfect in his estimation. Satisfied with its theoretical perfection, he studiously avoids a second mischance and disappointment by again testing it practically. Instead of doing this, he becomes a knight-errant on behalf of luckless gamblers. He publishes his system that they may adopt it, and thus become enlightened and enriched. There are always to be found plenty of unthinking men and women who eagerly purchase every pamphlet professing to contain an infallible receipt for making a fortune by gaming. These

pamphlets are generally sold in sealed covers, and for very high prices; the titles of two of them head this article.

J. H. B., the author of one of the pamphlets, is very exacting in the qualifications which must be possessed by the gamester who can reasonably hope for success. He must be cool, calculating, prudent; must never lose his temper, and must never despair. He must play a well-considered game, a game which provides for every emergency, and is suited for coping with unexpected mishaps. It is only on condition of his being so qualified, and being master of such a game, that he "ceases to be a gamester and becomes a speculator." Hence, to purchase J. H. B.'s pamphlet may avail little; to master his system may be time thrown away, seeing that only a chosen few can use that system with effect. But something more than brilliant personal qualities are requisite: "An isolated player whose means are limited cannot gain real and lasting advantages in spite of all the prudence, skill, and strategy he may possess and manifest; sooner or later he must succumb." To sadden the prospect still more, J. H. B. emphatically assures his readers that the greatest illusion they can entertain, the one which will certainly endanger their repose and their purses, is for them to suppose that without funds to start with they will be other than losers in the end. "With a few florins, or even a few hundreds of florins, and the best of all possible systems, there is nothing to gain, and everything to fear from games of chance." The minimum with which they can begin is seven hundred, and the maximum four thousand florins. By acting on his advice in the employment of these sums, they will be increased tenfold in the twinkling of an eye. What, then, is the pith of his system? It is simply to do in a complicated manner what others have done to their cost in a simpler manner: increase the stake after every loss, and diminish it after every gain. Thus, if three florins are staked and lost, four must be staked the next time; if the four are lost, then five must be staked, and so on. On the other hand, if three florins are staked and an equal number won, two are withdrawn, the remainder being staked; if the result of the next stroke be in favor of the player, he again withdraws two, and, in fact, continues to do so after every successful stroke. The danger, nay, the certainty is,

that a succession of unfortunate strokes will empty his purse, and thus he will be precluded by lack of funds from attaining those results which J. H. B. proclaims to be within the reach of every qualified practitioner of his system.

"A Retired Attorney" professes to have discovered a more practicable way than that chalked out by J. H. B. for becoming enriched by gaming. The gamester who embraces the attorney's system need not bring to the practice of it either extraordinary cleverness or uncommon self-command. According to him it is an exceedingly easy thing to acquire wealth by frequenting a gaming-room. To ensure success, however, it is indispensable to avoid being excessively impatient and precipitate. In other words, while showing how money can be made, he expresses disapproval of making it too rapidly. No one need hope to do more than augment his capital fiftyfold within the period of six months. He agrees with J. H. B. in this, that the player who follows a system ceases to be a gamester and becomes a speculator. From the frequency with which this is insisted on, it would seem as if the highest object of human ambition were to acquire the character and title of speculator! How success is to be attained, the retired attorney does not clearly explain. No prophet of a sporting newspaper could be more oracular than he is. The reader who fails to comprehend his system is informed that "there are certain modifications essential to its success, which can be given orally, but not in writing, because requiring too lengthy explanations." In default of containing lucid explanations the pamphlet closes with an unmistakable appeal: "Let all gamesters come to me, make a common purse, follow my system, and one day the remark of Napoleon will be verified; 'the gaming banks will be conquered by calculation.'" Between J. H. B. and the retired attorney there is this difference; the latter is the greater quack of the two.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, with whose consent the gaming-house was established in his capital, who profits by the ruin of the visitors to the rooms, and whose minister supervises the company's affairs, can neither believe in the dictum ascribed to Napoleon the First, nor in the possibility of a gamester growing rich, since every inhabitant of Homburg is forbidden, under very heavy

penalties, from entering the gaming-house and engaging in play.

Of late years there has been a general outcry throughout Germany against the gaming-houses. Their suppression has been vehemently demanded in the interests alike of public morality and sound policy. This expression of public feeling resulted in the consideration of the question by the Federal Diet. The Diet called upon the Governments of the different States of Germany to say what they were prepared to do with a view to putting a period to the public encouragement of gaming. The Government of the Grand Duchy of Baden replied that it intended closing the Baden establishment even before the termination of the contract. On the other hand, the Nassau Government maintained that it was impossible to abolish the gaming-banks of Wiesbaden and Ems, the proprietors of which had constructed the thermal establishments there, in 1807 and 1810, and had kept them in repair ever since at their own cost. It promised, however, not to grant any new concessions in future. The Government of Mecklenburg-Schwerin offered to suppress the Dobberan gaming-house in the event of the Governments of the other States suppressing those within their jurisdictions. The Government of Waldeck refused to suppress the gaming-houses at Pymont and Wildungen, the concessions for which were in force till 1873 and 1905, unless public gaming should be prohibited throughout the Confederation, a measure to which it would agree. The Government of Hesse-Homburg denied to the Diet the right to entertain the question at all, until it should have abolished the public lotteries authorized within the territories of the Confederation.

We heartily disapprove the conduct of the Hesse-Homburg Government in the matter of gaming, yet we admit that it did well in returning the foregoing answer to the Federal Diet. So long as gaming-houses shall remain open in certain German towns, these towns will continue to be the scenes of irreparable ruin to thousands, will be the favorite haunts of the depraved, and the opprobrium of the enlightened. But they will not stand alone. For wherever lotteries shall receive, as they now do, open sanction from the State authorities, and shall be freely employed by them for the purposes of raising revenue and borrowing money, all classes will have improper

facilities granted them for indulging in discreditable and reprehensible gambling. The lottery system, as generally practised throughout Germany, amounts to a public encouragement of avarice and indolence, because that system renders it possible to acquire by chance and without exertion the wealth which should be the sure if tardy recompense of study and honorable industry alone.

There is hardly a German State in which lotteries are not legalized. In Austria a large portion of the revenue is derived from the proceeds of the State lottery. If an English company call for capital wherewith to construct a railway, it is readily subscribed, on the public being assured of receiving a fair rate of interest in return. On the other hand, it is customary for a German railway company, to offer money prizes as well as promise dividends to those who subscribe for shares. States in which public opinion has little influence are not more cursed with lotteries than States wherein public opinion reigns supreme. Nowhere is the fondness for lotteries more apparent, and the passion for gambling more recklessly gratified, than in the free cities of Hamburg and Frankfurt.

If German gaming-houses and lotteries were injurious to Germans only, we should deplore their existence, but should refrain from condemning the conduct of those who sanction and conduct them. Their baneful influence, however, extends to England also. Thousands of Englishmen visit Germany every summer, and lose their money in the gaming-rooms at Homburg or Baden, Wiesbaden or Ems. Throughout the entire year, lottery-tickets find as ready a sale in England as in Germany. Hence, to suppress these lotteries and gaming-houses would be to render an inestimable service to both countries.

In England, both public lotteries and gaming-houses have been suppressed by Act of Parliament. If gaming be sometimes practised in this country, it is not because the law is weak or leniently enforced. The difficulties put in the way of keeping a gaming-house are almost insuperable; the penalties being very severe, and the police being armed with ample powers. It is hard to understand why visitors to Newmarket should there find opportunities for gaming which they cannot have elsewhere; why the forbidden games of hazard, rouge-et-noir, and roulette should be played there with impunity. Perhaps this

is allowed on the principle of its being fair to afford those who have won money by betting, an opportunity of losing it at play.

Public lotteries, though as illegal as gaming-houses, are by no means so rare. They are called by the more euphonious and unmeaning names of Art-Unions. The prizes are pictures or statues in place of coin. The professed objects of Art-Unions are noble and praiseworthy; they are to encourage the Fine Arts, and to convert England into a nation of followers and admirers of art. This is a most ingenious disguise under which to practice gambling. For very similar reasons betting on horses is practised, and prize-fights are commended. It is argued that were betting prohibited, horse-racing would cease, and that were there no racing, the breed of horses would deteriorate. We are told that had we no prize-fights, a muscular Christian would become as great a rarity as the Moa. Now, it may delight two men to pound each other into jelly, and others may delight in witnessing the performance; but it would be as absurd to maintain that Englishmen owe their pluck and muscle to prize-fights, as that the ancient Romans were made magnanimous by gladiatorial combats, and that the Spaniards had been rendered courageous by bull-fights. Even more ridiculous and contrary to fact is it to maintain that art has been encouraged by Art-Unions, or that they are anything better than disguised lotteries, and as such ought to be prohibited. If a subscriber to an Art-Union draw a prize, he can immediately convert it into money. If the holder of a lottery ticket draw a prize, he can buy a picture or statue with it. The distinction between the two cases is impalpable to ordinary minds; but that some do perceive a distinction is evinced by their eagerly subscribing to Art-Unions, and holding lotteries in abhorrence. In like manner and with equal consistency, those who consider it pollution to enter an ordinary theatre and witness a regular play, crowd to an "entertainment" given in a hall or gallery, and consisting of plays on a reduced scale, all the parts being filled by one actor and actress.

Those who value an abuse in proportion to its antiquity, will regret that Parliament should ever have interfered with so venerable an institution as the lottery. It was in full operation a century before the National Debt was dreamt of. The astute ministers

of Queen Elizabeth first employed it as a medium through which to tax the people indirectly. In 1567, proposals were issued "for a very rich lottery general, without any blankes, containyng a great number of good prizes, as well of redy-money as of plate and certain sorts of merchandize, having been valued and prized by the queen's most excellent majesties' order, to the extent that such commodities as may chance to arise thereof after the charges borne may be converted towards the reparations of the havens and strength of the realme, and towards such other good workes. The number of lotts shall be four hundred thousand, and no more; and every lott shall be the sum of ten shillings sterling, and no more." The drawing began at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 11th of January, 1569, and was continued without intermission till the 6th of May following. Forty-five years afterwards, "King James, in special favor for the present plantation of English colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery, to be held at the west end of St. Paul's; whereof one Thomas Sharplys, a tailor of London, had the chief prize, which was four thousand crowns in fair plate."* During succeeding reigns, both public and private lotteries were common and popular. In the reign of Queen Anne, however, they were suppressed on the ground of being public nuisances. They were revived and licensed in 1778. From that time till 1825, a lottery bill was passed every session. The gross yearly income received by the Government from lotteries was seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A treasury minute, dated the 18th of October, 1827, closed all the public lottery offices, and this kind of gambling, first introduced and sanctioned by the ministers of Queen Elizabeth, has been stigmatized as illegal, and we hope terminated forever, by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Queen Victoria.

The attempt recently made to abolish beer-drinking on Sundays, however ridiculous and blameworthy, was admirably timed and likely to prove successful, when compared with the efforts made by the legislators of the 18th century, to effect the suppression of gaming. Act after Act was passed, yet the evil waxed daily more formidable and intolerable. That the provisions of these Acts were stringent enough will be understood from the following

* *Gentlemen's Magazine*. Vol. 85, p. 341.

specimens. Thus, an Act passed in 1739 made it illegal to play such games as ace of hearts, faro, basset, and hazard. The keepers of houses or other places for gaming purposes were to forfeit two hundred pounds on conviction, and those who played, fifty pounds each. A justice of the peace refusing to convict, forfeited ten pounds for each offence. Another Act, containing still more stringent provisions, was passed in 1749, in which roulette, or roly-poly, was included among the forbidden games. These and other Acts proved wholly ineffectual, because those who sanctioned, were the foremost in breaking them. They were never enforced against persons of quality, who were the principal offenders. Moreover, a special clause in these Acts exempted the royal palaces from their operation. Now, the royal palaces were nothing better than huge gaming-houses, and the sovereign was the greatest gamester in the kingdom. The truth is, gaming was the fashionable vice, and a vice must cease to be fashionable before men will cease to practise it. Till then, they regard it as a virtue.

Horace Walpole has put on record numerous specimens of the reckless and ruinous kind of gaming in which his contemporaries indulged. In 1770, he tells Sir Horace Mann, "the gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not twenty-one, lost eleven thousand there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath, 'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions!'" In a letter to the Hon. S. A. Conway, dated 1781, he relates that his "nephew, Lord Cholmondeley, the banker *à la mode*, has been demolished. He and his associate, Sir Willoughby Ashton, went early the other night to Brookes's, before Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick, who keep a bank there, were come; but they soon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke their bank, and won about four thousand pounds. 'There,' said Fox, 'so should all usurpers be served.' He did still better; for he sent for his tradesmen, and paid as far as the money would go."

Another circumstance mentioned by Walpole is even more extraordinary than the foregoing feats at play. In 1781, he informed

Lady Ossory, "I was diverted last night at Lady Lucan's. The moment I entered she set me down to whist with Lady Bute, and who do you think were the other partners? the Archbishopess of Canterbury and Mr. Gibbon." Be it remembered, this took place five years after the publication of the volume of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Now, we take credit to ourselves for tolerance, because in our day the Test Act has been repealed, and because Roman Catholics are no longer persecuted on account of their religion. But are we really so tolerant as those of our forefathers whom we are accustomed to revile? For instance, what would the *Record* and Exeter Hall say, were they to learn that Bishop Colenso and the Archbishopess of York had been partners at whist? Would it not be predicted that, before a week elapsed, the world would certainly come to an end?

The rage for gaming was at its height toward the close of the eighteenth century. Prior to the first French Revolution, not more than four or five gaming-tables were in operation; but at a subsequent period, upwards of thirty houses were open every night.* This was done in defiance of the law. Several members of the aristocracy kept faro-tables at their own houses. Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Spencer, and Lady Mount Edgecumbe, had an unenviable notoriety for so doing. They were christened "Faro's Daughters." Referring to them, Lord Kenyon said on the 9th of May, 1796, "They think they are too great for the law; I wish they could be punished. If any prosecutions of this sort are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever be their rank or station in the country—though they should be the first ladies in the land—they shall certainly exhibit themselves on the pillory." At the beginning of March, 1797, an information was laid against Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady E. Luttrell, and some other ladies and gentlemen of rank, for keeping faro-tables in their houses; and on the 11th of that month they were convicted of the offence, but Lord Kenyon seems to have forgotten his former threat, and he only subjected them to rather severe fines.†

* Massey's "History of England." Vol. ii. p. 58.

† "England under the house of Hanover." By Thomas Wright. Vol. ii. p. 332.

Either in consequence of these proceedings, or for some undisclosed reason, ladies of rank henceforth ceased to lay themselves open to censure for their passionate addiction to play. Instead of inviting a small number of guests to pass the evening in card-playing, ladies of fashion began to invite a large number of guests to pass the night in dancing, or doing nothing.

The abandonment of play on the part of the ladies was followed by a similar move on the part of the gentlemen. The latter agreed to respect the laws which many of them had helped to frame. Clubs such as White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's, which were originally instituted to evade the law against public gaming-houses, were transformed into clubs for social enjoyment and political purposes. The games of whist, chess, and billiards came to be recognized as the only games at which gentlemen should play; all others, and especially all games of chance, being voted vulgar and improper.

If gaming first declined because frowned on by fashion, its decline was accelerated by a taste arising for other kinds of excitement. Horse-racing had always been a national past-time; but betting upon horses did not become a national passion till about the earlier portion of the nineteenth century. It is true that, long before then, men of fashion found in betting a pleasure which nothing else could yield. They were accustomed to indulge their tastes for it on all possible occasions. Thus it once happened that a man having fallen down in a fit before the window of a club, heavy bets were made whether or not he was dead; and those who had backed the latter opinion with a bet, strongly objected to his being bled, lest he might recover, and they should lose their money. Horace Walpole records a bet of 80 remarkable a character, that we have great difficulty in crediting his statement. When informing Sir H. Mann, in 1774, of the manners of the young men of that time, he says: "One of them has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted fifteen hundred pounds that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship, by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since. Another ship and man are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin." Although the betting of the last century was

desperate enough, yet it was practised in a desultory manner, being followed for no special end, and according to no fixed principles. It has now become a science. To "make" a book on the Derby is an accomplishment requiring tenfold the labor to acquire that had to be expended in learning all the games of chance which were formerly in vogue. In fact gambling on the turf has partially superseded gaming with cards and dice. Faro-tables have long ago disappeared from fashionable drawing-rooms. Crockford's is a thing of the past. Yet the votary of gaming need not lament: if he but subscribe to Tattersall's, he will there find opportunities for gambling such as were never enjoyed by the frequenters of Crockford's.

In addition to the increased fondness for horse-racing, another cause has largely contributed to lessen the habit of gaming by superseding the necessity for indulging it. This cause is the vast development of joint stock undertakings, and which has been followed by increased facilities for speculating in shares. Men who were formerly attracted to the gaming-table in the hope of growing rich more rapidly than by steadily following their business or profession, now crowd to the Stock Exchange, and speculate there in shares and stocks. The business of a stock-broker would be very restricted if he made purchases for investors only. One-half, if not three-fourths, of the business transacted on the Stock Exchange is purely speculative; in other words, is simple gambling. An Act was passed in the reign of George II., "To prevent the infamous practice of stock-jobbing;" but its provisions were systematically disregarded, and very recently it has been repealed. Thus time bargains may now be entered into with impunity, which means that a speculator may buy what he cannot pay for, with the view of selling what he has purchased before the arrival of the day appointed for payment. If the price obtained by the sale exceed that originally paid, he pockets the difference; but if the price obtained be less than what was first paid, he hands the difference to his broker. Thus the suppression of all games of chance has merely resulted in giving an augmented impetus to the Game of Speculation.

Shall we conclude, then, that in the matter of gaming we are more enlightened and less open to censure than our forefathers? This

much is true, the gambler is a less foolish man, and a less useless member of society than the gamester. While the objects of the gambler on the turf and the Stock Exchange, and of the gamester at cards and dice, are identical, experience has proved that the former may succeed, and that the latter must fail in attaining their objects; that the gambler may acquire wealth, but that the gamester must be ruined if he persevere in gaming. By speculating in shares, capital is circulated and commerce increased; thus, whether the speculator be enriched or impoverished, his fellow-men are vastly benefited in consequence of his transactions. Of the gamester we may say what La Bruyère said of him who was once engaged in intrigue: he must continue as he has begun, because nothing else gives him any gratification. A confirmed gamester exists only to deal cards or throw dice. The chances are that he will forfeit his honor as well as indulge his taste; for, as Lord Chesterfield warned his son: "A member of a gaming-club should be a cheat, or he will soon be a beggar."

In our times, the passion for play is gratified with less injury to society than during any other period of our history. Unquestionably it is an incalculable gain that ladies and gentlemen of fashion should now prefer dancing to gaming, and should even profess to take pleasure in attending gatherings made ostensibly for the purpose of conversation, but at which the conversation is restricted to complaints about the heat, and protests against the pressure. The pleasures of society are always hollow and frivolous: we rejoice that in these days they are not vicious as well as unsatisfying. What the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis justly remarked, with obvious reference to the amusements in which modern society delights, would have been even more telling and applicable had it been uttered a century ago: "Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures."

To extirpate from the human breast a taste for gaming is simply impossible. As Ed-

mund Burke truly observed in his great speech on Economical reform: "Gaming is inherent in human nature. It belongs to us all." The first achievement of a savage is to produce something that will intoxicate him: he next proceeds to devise a matter whereby he may stake his property, and even his liberty at play. A civilized man improves on the crude expedients and devices of the savage, substituting for the heavy fermented sap of a tree, the sparkling champagne, and for clumsy games with straws or pebbles, the roulette-table with its ingenious machinery and elaborate rules. Wealth, excitement, and the power of bringing the future near, are prized alike by men of every degree of culture. Though they never obtain by gaming the wealth they covet, yet they find in gaming the excitement they value next to wealth, and around a gaming-table have disclosed to them a new future every minute or every hour. Influenced by such feelings, at one time they waste their substance, and at another imperil their lives. They will cheerfully traverse unknown seas in quest of an imaginary El Dorado, yet refrain from laboriously tilling the soil beneath their feet, and converting its produce into gold. Their thoughts are as erroneous as their actions are ridiculous. They fancy that the jewels which flash from a royal diadem, the gold heaped up the royal coffers, constitute the glories of a monarch and the riches of a nation. In acting as they do, they sin against the irresistible condition of man's existence, that in the sweat of his brow can he alone earn his bread with honor and dignity. Alike in their thoughts and actions do they ignore the immutable truth that the wealth of the world is the well-directed labor of the world's inhabitants. In no other way could the folly of the gamester, and the mischief of gaming, be better summed up than in these words of Dr. Johnson: "I call a gamester an unsocial man; an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good."

From The National Review.

WITS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Œuvres de Chamfort, précédées d'une étude sur sa vie et son esprit. Par Arsène Hous-saye.

Galerie du XVIIIe. Siècle. Par Arsène Hous-saye.

Histoire de la Presse en France. Par Eugène Hatin. Vol. VII.

Esprit de Rivarol. Paris, 1808.

Causeries du Lundi. Par M. C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vols. III., IV.

THE reader, whose historical zeal carries him to the earlier numbers of the *Moniteur Universel*, as they appeared during the weeks of the Terror, finds himself confronted by one of those half-comical, half-revolting contrasts, for which human nature—and especially French human nature—shows from time to time so strange a capacity. In one column he will peruse the long morning list of victims of the Conciergerie,—old men and maidens, rich and poor, strong and weak, alike swept promiscuously away under the ruthless ban of hostility to the common weal, and, ere their doom printed, already on the road to death. In the other, as he turns shuddering away, he will be detained by an almost equally long list of “to-night’s entertainments,”—grand scenic tableaux, emblematic ballets, hippodromes à la Grecque, masked balls, the comic opera, the successful vaudeville, all proceeding with complete regularity, and all apparently in the greatest possible request. What, he will exclaim, must be the innate frivolity, the cruel indifference, the latent barbarism of a race which saw nothing strange in such an appalling mixture of tragedy and farce! Were they men or fiends who could be thus easily amused, while death hung over each, and the pavement outside streamed with kindred blood? Who but the traditional “tigre-singe” could skip away, yet bloody-handed from civil slaughter, to applaud the nimble feet of some venal Terpsichore, or the quips and cranks of some fashionable buffoon?

We shall run the suspicion, we fear, of the same sort of inhuman versatility if we invite our readers to a less grave, but scarcely less characteristic, aspect of the French Revolution than that with which history has rendered them the most familiar. Friends and foes for the most part, though differing wide as heaven and earth in all beside, have

depicted it in the light of the sublimest of human tragedies. Whatever else a sympathizing or a hostile critic judged it, both regarded it as colossal; and colossal in a sense that forbade, as if half profane, the notice of those collateral topics which, in meaner matters, might appropriately claim attention. The scale of action was heroic, the performers demi-gods or demi-fiends, and praise and censure alike assumed a tone of fitting gravity and respect. The half-frantic vehemence of Burke, the curses of an army of Tory denunciators, the shrieks of political or religious cowardice, the vindictive Conservatism—which in our own days has dwindled down to the Cassandra-like maledictions of a single maudlin peer—for a long while accustomed Englishmen to regard that strange series of events as a catastrophe whose Titanic proportions overwhelmed the sense,—an outrage at which heaven and earth might stand aghast, and which struck mankind with awful silence,—a conflagration, lit with no earthly flame, blazing at our very doors, and too full of grand results, one way or the other, to our species, for any language but the impassioned cry of hope, the solemn denunciation, the groan of horror and despair. At length the flames died down, the smoke cleared away, and it gradually became perceptible that the universe remained intact. The calm, half-humorous genius of Carlyle, piercing through the golden haze of rhodomontade, and fathoming the shallows of many a tempest-ridden teacup, marshalled the facts of the story into artistic shape, reduced heroes and demons alike to strictly terrestrial proportions, and proved that the grand convulsion of French society, when cleared of fictitious embellishment, was the handiwork of no superhuman agents, but of irritable, passionate, and, in many cases, extremely feeble men; that vanity, jealousy, and a host of petty instincts, had at least as much to do with it as the grander passions of our nature; and that though, in the evolution of the drama, some natures beyond the ordinary standard of daring and ability disclosed themselves,—and one intellect at least of the very highest order rose upon the surrounding chaos,—yet that most of its results could be accounted for by the activity of commonplace emotions working in a host of inferior minds, and had a side which was far more ludicrous than either terrific or sublime. A few striking person-

ages stand of course foremost on the stage, and vindicate in more than one instance the doubtful honor of monstrosity. Louis XV., an effete Sardapalus, grovelling daily deeper in his sensuality; Orleans, rubicund already as if with a Tartarean glow; Danton, a portent of ferocious power; Mirabeau, shaking his lion-like locks, and preparing, as a giant refreshed with wine, for the subjection of a pigmy race; the stately Austrian lady, imperial in her very weaknesses, falling queen-like and undismayed amid curses and gibes; Corday, hurrying in joyful enthusiasm to her perilous emprise; Roland, in her white robe and flowing locks, confronting her accusers, or returning from the tribunal in more than stoical dignity to announce her doom.—these are indeed the conspicuous personages of the tale, but they are not the whole; nor did their earnestness for good or evil, their strength of will, the intensity with which they felt, the scale upon which they acted, represent the true character of the great mass of Frenchmen. Behind them stand inferior performers, and it was these, after all, that made the Revolution what we know it to have been. An attitude of mind the very reverse of majestic, a childish passion for display, an insatiable thirst for flattery, an exquisite sensitiveness to the sting of satire, a passionate and unthinking rebellion against the inequalities incidental to human society.—such was the thin soil out of which the Revolution sprang, such were the motive principles which shaped its onward course. It was natural enough that a generation bred in an atmosphere like this, should, when it came to be engaged in any considerable undertaking, become from time to time bombastic, theatrical, and extravagant. It was equally natural that men of such a cast, trained by the tradition of centuries in the habits of brilliant conversation, and wielding a language of incomparable neatness and pliability, should carry the art of effective rejoinder to the utmost possible perfection, and should assign to witty and epigrammatic language a controversial importance which less impressible natures find it difficult to understand.

This was conspicuously the case in Revolutionary France. A large section of society, elevating drawing-room repartee into a standard of thought, accepted a witticism as a refutation, and considered that a thing ceased to be true when it began to look ridiculous.

The salon life of Paris—the paradise of an army of ambitious idlers—engendered a tone of mind in which far less attention was paid to the accuracy with which an idea was thought out than to the elegance with which it was expressed. To achieve a social success was for the aspirant to fame the most imperative of all necessities, and for this neatness, brilliancy, promptitude, were alone essential. A race of men grew up astonishingly skilful in the fence of words, masters of forcible, pithy expressions, but superficial in knowledge, shallow in thought, and utterly innocent of all earnest intention. They breathed the poisoned air of a vicious society, whose refinement but gave a piquancy to systematic heartlessness and crime. They carried their convictions just so far as the fine ladies, whose smiles they sought, considered it in good taste to follow; their skepticism began in restlessness, and ended in a sneer; their philosophy was the cynicism of faded voluptuaries; their ambition, to live in the mouths of a fashionable coterie; their keenest pleasure, to transfix a rival with the envenomed weapon of a sarcastic epigram. The criticism passed by one of them upon another might with justice be applied to the whole class of which both were members, and serve as the epitaph for a school of wits: “*Superficiellement instruit,*” writes Chamfort of Rulhières, “*détaché de tous principes, l’erreur lui était aussi bonne que la vérité quand elle pouvait faire briller la frivolité de son esprit. Il n’enviaçait les grandes choses que sous de petits rapports, n’aimait que les tracasseries de la politique, n’était éclairé que de bluettes, et ne voyait dans l’histoire que ce qu’il avait vu dans les petites intrigues de la société.*” The French empire was, according to the famous definition, a despotism tempered by epigrams. The fashionable creed of a large section alike of its assailants and supporters might be described as cynicism set ablaze with wit.

Two men, conspicuous champions on either side, may be accepted as the types of the class above described; and their performances, although already the object of more literary zeal than their importance might seem to merit, are yet so amusing, and at the same time throw so real a light upon the true history of the times, that we make no apology for introducing them in detail to our readers’ attention: Rivarol, the cham-

pion of the departing régime; Chamfort, the fanatic of equality, and the assiduous composer and collector of revolutionary facetiæ. The delicate pencil of M. Sainte Beuve has already sketched the characters of both, and enabled us to understand the real affinity of thought and disposition which, under a superficial appearance of antagonism, bound the two men together, and stamped them, though fighting in different camps, as in reality kindred natures. Both have left a long list of excellent stories to attest the justice of a contemporary reputation, and the humor of each will be best appreciated by being introduced in connection with the principal circumstances of his career.

The society which, half way through the eighteenth century, excited the aspirations of an ambitious Frenchman, was no longer that of Versailles. To the court of Louis XV. survived nothing but the tedious ceremonial and the complete depravity of his great-grandfather's period. The intellectual prestige, which lent a refining splendor to the great monarch's reputation, had vanished along with everything else decent and respectable. The palace was as gloomy as it was corrupt; "quant à la gaieté," says the historian, "il n'en était plus question, le foyer de l'esprit et des lumières était à Paris." Madame Campan, indeed, with the applausive servility of a royal servant, informs us that the king knew how to jest, and occasionally honored his dependents with witticisms which proved "la finesse de son esprit, et l'élévation de ses sentiments." As specimens, however, of the one and the other, she gives the stupid slang terms by which the sovereign was pleased to designate the four princesses who had the misfortune to acknowledge his paternity; and she suggests that his repertoire of indelicate phraseology was sedulously enlarged by reference to the dictionary when in his mistresses' society. It is pleasant to turn from such a scene to the dignified reply made by M. de Brissac, one of the few courtiers to whom decency had not come to be a joke. The king was rallying him upon the sensitiveness he displayed as to some matrimonial catastrophe. "Allons, Monsieur de Brissac, ne vous sachez pas; c'est un petit malheur; ayez bon courage." "Sire," said the injured husband, "j'ai toutes les espèces de courage, excepté celui de la honte." The arrival of Marie Antoin-

ette no doubt infused a new spirit into the dull routine of wickedness which had hitherto prevailed at court. Monsieur de Brissac again figures as the author of an appropriate rejoinder. "Mon Dieu," cried the young dauphiness, as the crowd surged under the balconies of the Tuileries, "Mon Dieu, que de monde!" "Madame," said the courtier, "sans que Monsieur le Dauphin puisse s'en offenser, ce sont autant d'amoureux." Full of playfulness and vivacity, the young princess herself was ready and elegant in conversation. Shortly after her arrival at Versailles, she made private arrangements to supplement her extremely defective education; "Il faut," she said, "que la dauphine prenne soin de la réputation de l'archiduchesse." It was in no such innocent recreations that the king's remaining powers were meanwhile expended. His notorious excesses excited scandal, alarm, indignation. The base of an equestrian statue, in the Place Louis Quinze, was guarded by four figures representing Peace, Prudence, Strength, and Justice: an unknown hand wrote under it,

"O la belle statue! O le beau piédestal!
Les vertus sont à pied; le vice est à cheval."

Vice at length dismounted for the last time, and the terrified courtiers prepared for a new allegiance. The details of that terrible death-bed are universally familiar: one story, however, may be worth recording. It is a scene enacted between the Duc de Villequier, first gentleman of the chamber, and Monsieur Androuillé, the head surgeon to the court. The king's disease, it will be remembered, rendered it almost certain death to go near him. The duke thereupon politely suggested to the doctor that it was his duty to open and embalm the body. The doctor professed his alacrity for the task, but he added: "Pendant que j'opérerai, vous tiendrez la tête; votre charge vous y oblige." The duke said not a word; and Louis the Fifteenth, it is perhaps superfluous to state, was buried unopened and unembalmed. The new court had hardly opened when the young queen's daring spirits, her impatience of ceremonial, her girlish caprices,—above all, the political intrigues amid which she lived,—began to endanger her popularity. Her contempt for etiquette scandalized the fine ladies, and obtained for her the perilous nickname of "Mouqueuse." At her first mourning reception

after the king's death we find one of the ladies of the court squatting down behind her, pulling her companion's petticoats, and endangering the gravity of the whole proceeding. The epigram which appeared next day might have warned her of the danger of petty indiscretions:—

"Petite reine de vingt ans,
Vous qui traitez si mal les gens,
Vous repasserez la barrière,
Laire, larila, larila, laire," etc.

Four years later her enemies had gathered courage, and the feeling against her was deeper and less concealed. The birth of her daughter gave rise to a host of cruel pleasantries, in which the royal family were unhappily, the readiest to take a part. The Comte de Provence held the child at the font. "Monseigneur," he said, when the grand almoner inquired its name, "cette question n'est pas la première que vous avez à m'adresser; il faut s'enquérir d'abord les père et mère." The almoner, astonished, said that that question was asked only when doubt existed as to the parentage of the child; "personne ignore," he added, "que madame est née du roi et de la reine." "Est-ce votre avis, M. le Curé?" the count sardonically asked, turning to the Curé of Notre Dame. The audience stood aghast: and the curé, in fear and trembling, strove to close so embarrassing a scene. The disrespect did not stop here; the city authorities aped the impertinence of the court: and the queen, at last vexed beyond endurance, uttered an impatient sneer at the contemptuous delay with which the birthday fêtes were organized. "The magistrates," she said, "are resolved, I suppose, to defer them till the little one is big enough to dance at them herself." The fraternal affection thus curiously exemplified on the part of the queen's brother-in-law was the subject of a drama dedicated in this very year to the queen, which placed Chamfort, already the darling of Parisian drawing-rooms, in the full sunshine of imperial favor. For fifteen years he had been laboring at his tragedy of *Mustapha and Zéangir*; and in 1776 it was for the first time acted at Versailles. Its success was complete. The tender intimacy of the two brothers, who defy all attempts at separation, and perish at last in each other's arms, affected the king to tears. The queen summoned the fortunate author to her box, and announced, in terms

so gracious that, as he said, he could never either forget or repeat them, that a pension was to be conferred upon him. "Madam," so ran the courtier-like dedication of the piece, "the indulgent approbation with which your majesty has deigned to honor the tragedy encourages me to present it to you. Your goodness has rendered the design still dearer to my gratitude. Happy, madam, could I consecrate it by new efforts, justify your benefits by new undertakings, and find grace before your majesty more by the merit of the work than the choice of a subject." Let us see what manner of man it was whose courtier tongue could run so glibly in the conventional phrases of servility.

Born, a natural child, in 1741, he bore the name of Nicholas, and as such was entered, in the position that became his low estate, at the Collège des Grassins, in the Paris university. His appearance bespoke sensitiveness, energy, and enthusiasm: his delicate nostril, his blue eyes lighting up in instantaneous vivacity, his flexible and touching voice, gave the impression of a finely strung, highly nervous organization. His abilities were not slow in making themselves felt, and the young scholar soon carried every prize before him. All thoughts of the Church, the natural career for one so circumstanced, were speedily resigned; and some youthful indiscretion brought his career as a collegian to a close. The world was all before him: the escape from the thralldom of orders delightful; and Chamfort secure of pleasing, and with all the qualities to command success, threw himself with courageous recklessness upon society. Literary employment, however was not to be had; famine knocked loudly at the door; his mother was looking to him for bread; and the young adventurer, in despair, applied for the place of clerk to a procureur. The procureur discerned the superiority of his petitioner, and made him tutor to his son; but he soon found his household in disorder. "Enfant d'Amour, beau comme lui, plein de feu, de gaieté, impétueux et malin," the new-comer proved a very troublesome inmate; and we next find him travelling into Germany in the capacity of private secretary to some provincial millionaire. This plan, however, answered as badly as the last: and Chamfort returned nothing richer, except for the discovery "qu'il n'y avait rien à quoi il fut moins propre qu'à être un Allemand." He

now began to work seriously at literature, and in 1764 brought out a little comedy, in which the fashionable doctrines of an ideal primitive perfection were carelessly worked into an amusing shape. Belton, an erratic Englishman, is wrecked upon a savage shore, and lights on Betty, an interesting and unsophisticated young lady, who provides him with sustenance, introduces him to her father's cave, and finally accompanies him to his home. Belton's wavering virtue is relieved at the fortunate moment by a charitable Quaker, who provides a dowry and insists on a formal marriage, much to the astonishment of Betty, to whom priests and lawyers are still novelties. "Quoi," she exclaims, "sans cet homme noir, je n'aurais pu t'aimer?"

The pretty trifle succeeded, and Voltaire, in expressing his approval, indoctrinated the young author with that supreme contempt for his countrymen which became in after life the leading principle of Chamfort's creed. "Our nation," he wrote, "has emerged from barbarism only because of two or three persons endowed by nature with the taste and genius which she refuses to all the rest. We must expect the race, who failed to discover the merit of *Athalie* and *Misanthrope* to continue ignorant and feeble, and in need of the guidance of a few enlightened men." Chamfort's next efforts were directed to the Academy; and a few years afterwards, in the *Eloge de Molière*, one of his successful compositions, he, for almost the first time, gave evidence of that "âpreté dévorante," that dreary view of life, and that cynical dislike of society, which pointed all his later witticisms. What, he asked, would be the task of the Molière of that day? "Verrait-il, sans porter la main sur les crayons, l'abus que nous avons fait de la philosophie et de la société; le mélange ridicule des conditions: cette jeunesse, qui a perdu tout morale à quinze ans, toute sensibilité à vingt; cette habitude malheureuse de vivre ensemble sans avoir besoin de s'estimer: la difficulté de se déshonorer, et, quand on est enfin parvenu, la facilité de recouvrer son honneur et de rentrer dans cette île autrefois escarpée et sans bords?" Unfortunately, in decrying the times, Chamfort was but sketching his own career. He had thrown himself with disastrous vehemence into all the worst pleasures of a corrupt capital: the women among

whom he lived were the fitting priestesses of a cynical creed: none of his sayings accordingly are tinged with a fiercer skepticism than those which relate to feminine infirmity. "Il faut," he says, "choisir: aimer les femmes, ou les connaître: il n'y a pas de milieu." "Pour moi," he writes elsewhere, "je recherche surtout celles qui vivent hors du mariage et du célibat: ce sont quelquefois les plus honnêtes." Many of his stories are in illustration of the same ungallant theme:—

"Mademoiselle du Thé ayant perdu un de ses amants, et cette aventure ayant fait du bruit, un homme qui alla la voir la trouva jouant de la harpe, et lui dit avec surprise, 'Eh! mon Dieu! je m'attendais à vous trouver dans la désolation.' 'Ah!' dit-elle d'un ton pathétique, 'c'était hier qu'il fallait me voir.'"

"L'abbé de Fleury avait été amoureux de Madame la Maréchale de Noailles, qui le traita avec mépris. Il devint premier ministre; elle eut besoin de lui, et il lui rappela ses rigueurs. 'Ah! monseigneur,' lui dit naïvement la maréchale, 'qui l'aurait pu prévoir?'"

"Un homme était en deuil de la tête aux pieds: grandes pleureuses, perruque noire, figure allongée. Un de ses amis l'aborde tristement: 'Eh! bon Dieu! qui est-ce donc que vous avez perdu?' 'Moi,' dit-il, 'je n'ai rien perdu; c'est que je suis veuf.'"

Thoroughly prosperous in the best society, Chamfort was gradually becoming a revolutionist at heart: it was the fashion in aristocratic quarters to deride aristocracy; and a little play, *The Merchant of Smyrna*, published by him in 1770, carried the taste so far, that its author, in after years, pleaded it as a proof of his democratic tendency. The fun of the piece turns on the perplexities of a slave-merchant, who has encumbered himself with several unsalable purchases; amongst the rest, a German baron and three abbés. They are so useless that he dares not even expose them in the market. Here is a conversation in the same spirit. Hassan is interrogating one of the captives, a Spaniard, as to what he is:—

"L'Espagnol. Je vous l'ai déjà dit, gentilhomme."

"Hassan. Gentilhomme! je ne sais pas ce que c'est. Que fais-tu?"

"L'Espagnol. Rien."

"Hassan. Tant pis pour toi, mon ami; tu vas bien t'ennuyer.—(à Kaled) Vous n'avez pas fait une trop bonne emplette."

"*Kaled.* Ne voilth-t-il pas que je suis encore attrapé! . . . Gentilhomme, c'est sans doute comme qui dirait baron allemand. C'est ta faute aussi : pourquoi vas-tu dire que tu es gentilhomme? je ne pourrai jamais me défaire de toi."

Whatever his real convictions, Chamfort, for the present, was a thorough courtier in behavior. M. Sainte Beuve quotes a pretty epigram which he composed about this time for the King of Denmark's arrival in Paris:—

"Un roi qu'on aime et qu'on révère
A des sujets en tous climats :
Il a beau parcourir la terre,
Il est toujours dans ses états."

Before long his failing health drove him from Paris, and the young wit found amusement and hospitality awaiting him at several fashionable watering-places. At Barèges he not only recovered his health, but had the luck to charm four fine ladies, who loved him "chacune d'elles comme quatre," and whose kindness melted for awhile even his determined acerbity. One of them especially he enumerates among his other blessings, as entertaining for him "all the sentiments of a sister;" and he adds cheerfully, "il me semble que mon mauvais Génie ait lâché prise, et je vis, depuis trois mois, sous la baguette de la Fée bienfaisante." I can tell you, writes one of his admirers, that M. Chamfort "est un jeune homme bien content; et il fait bien de son mieux pour être modeste." His humility must have been still more severely tried when the Duchess de Grammont, one of his four admirers, introduced him at court, and his successful tragedy secured him, as we have seen, the favor of the queen. He now seemed at the zenith of success. Besides his pension, the Prince de Condé had given him a secretaryship; a seat in the Academy secured his position as a writer; the best drawing-rooms in Paris were at his command; and Madame Helvétius, who held a sort of "literary hospital," was delighted to have him for an inmate. An uneasiness of soul, however, was beginning to mix gall with his cup of enjoyment, and Chamfort became restless, moody, and miserable. The very honors that were showered upon him seemed fraught with indignity; his rank as a successful man of letters was agonizingly equivocal. "Je ne voudrais," he said, "faire comme des gens de lettres qui ressemblent à des ânes ruans et se battant

devant un râtelier vide." The idea that he paid for his dinners by his *bons-mots* robbed them of their charm; the disproportion of his own fortune to those with whom he lived drove him mad with jealousy. He detested, yet could not bring himself to resign the society in which his talent shone so brightly; he found himself the plaything of a wealthy class, and he could neither tolerate nor abandon his position. "Il est ridicule," he exclaimed, "de vieillir en qualité d'acteur dans une troupe où l'on ne peut même prétendre à la demi-part."

At last he determined to fly; but not before he had intensified his passion for equality, and his hatred of the class which had loaded him with favors, to a degree of malignity which nothing but actual suffering could explain. "Je ne suis pas un monstre d'orgueil," was his apology to a friend for his retreat; "mais j'ai été une fois empoisonné avec de l'arsenic sucré. Je ne le serai plus: 'manet altâ mente répositum.'" An interval of comparative felicity awaited him. He had met at Boulogne an aged beauty, of the Duchess of Maine's household, talkative, witty, and cynical as himself; and the two lovers retreated, in misanthropical attachment, from a world which they agreed in detesting. After six months the lady died, and her husband returned to Paris with a real sorrow added to the list of his imaginary grievances. "When I wish to soften my heart," he writes, "I recall the loss of friends who are mine no longer,—the women whom death has snatched from me. J'habite leur cercueil; j'envoie mon âme errer autour des leurs. Hélas! je possède trois tombeaux!"

Less than ever inclined for the subserviency of social life, and fretting daily more and more at the heavy chain of patronage, Chamfort found opportunity, before the outbreak of the Revolution, to escape from the hospitality of an aristocratic friend, and to ensconce himself in more congenial quarters in the Palais Royal. Mirabeau was devoted to him, fired his spirit with something of his own enthusiasm, and carried him into the full tide of the new movement. Chamfort, delighted at his emancipation, embraced his new creed with all the ardor of a neophyte; his former friendships were discarded, his favors forgotten. "Ceux qui passent le fleuve des révolutions," he said, "ont passé le fleuve de l'oubli." Henceforth he became

the oracle of republican clubs, and lent his wit to the cause, which always had his sympathies, and now claimed his open allegiance. His services, as an ally, were speedily appreciated. One morning he visited the Count de Lauraguais: "Je viens de faire un ouvrage," he cried. "Comment? un livre." "Non, pas un livre; je ne suis pas si bête; mais un titre de livre, et ce titre est tout. J'en ai déjà fait présent au puritain Sièyes, qui pourra commenter à son aise. Il aura beau dire; on ne se ressouviendra que du titre." "Quel est-il donc?" "Le voici: 'Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-Etat? Tout. Qu'a-t-il? Rien.'" Another of his contributions was the famous cry: "Guerre aux châteaux! Paix aux chaumières!" and the horrors of September elicited from him no other apology than the inquiry, "Voulez-vous qu'on vous fasse des révolutions à l'eau de rose?" It is easy to conceive the satisfaction with which, for the first time, he allows his taste to follow its natural bent. He abounds in good stories pointed at an incapable ruler, the follies of an aristocracy, the pride of birth, the slavery of a court.

"M. D.—disait, à propos des sottises ministérielles et ridicules, 'Sans le gouvernement on ne rirait plus en France.'

"On demandait à une duchesse de Rohan à quelle époque elle comptait accoucher. 'Je me flatte,' dit-elle 'd'avoir cet honneur dans deux mois.' L'honneur était d'accoucher d'un Rohan.

"Un courtisan disait, à la mort de Louis XIV., 'Après la mort du roi, on peut tout croire.'

"Dans les malheurs de la fin du règne de Louis XIV, après la perte des batailles de Turin, d'Oudenarde, de Malplaquet, de Ramillies, d'Hochstet, les plus honnêtes gens de la cour disaient, 'Au moins le roi se porte bien c'est, le principal.'

"Un prédicateur de la Ligne avait pris pour texte de son sermon, *Eripe nos, Domine, a luto facis*, qu'il traduisait ainsi, 'Seigneur, déboulez-nous.'

Chamfort's posts and pensions were of course soon swamped by the revolutionary tide, but his zeal was only quickened by the loss. He was one of the first to enter the Bastille after its capture, and he talked with Brutus-like severity of the sacrifices which a patriot should be prepared to make. For some time he acted as secretary to the Jacobin Club; but the growing ascendancy of Robespierre and Marat drove him once again in the

direction of the Conservatives. To this period we may refer his translation of *Fraternité ou la Mort*, which he said should be rendered "Sois mon frère, ou je te tue." He found his most natural leaders in the Girondists; and Roland in re-arranging the Bibliothèque Nationale, appointed Chamfort to a post in connection with it. He now turned the full blaze of his satire against the Convention; and there were of course plenty of ready listeners to inform the State conspirators of the sarcasms of their new assailant. His friends warned him of his peril, but he relied upon his reputation as a Liberal. "N'ai-je pas," he cried, "hautement professé ma haine contre les rois, les nobles, les prêtres, en un mot tous les ennemis de la raison et de la liberté?" At last he was denounced and imprisoned. Scarcely had he recovered his liberty, when a second arrest showed the complicated dangers of his position and threatened him with a more protracted confinement. He resolved to escape it by self destruction, and mutilated himself horribly, but without effect, both with pistol and razor. Before he was dragged to prison he dictated and signed, all bleeding as he was, the following theatrical declaration: "Moi, Sébastien Roche-Nicholas Chamfort, déclare avoir voulu mourir en homme libre plutôt que d'être conduit en esclave en prison." He lived to appear before the Tribunal, and was at length partially enlarged. His nervous system, however, had received too great a shock, and the carelessness of his physician hastened his end. He died with a characteristic sentence on his lips: "Ah, mon ami," he cried to the Abbé Sièyes, "je m'en vais enfin de ce monde, où il faut que le cœur, se brise ou se bronze!"

Melancholy alternative; but happily the verdict of philosophers of the Chamfort school ought to count for less than nothing in our estimation of existence. He had shut himself off from the really interesting side of life. Government, religion, marriage, death, the unseen world, all the great springs of human action, all the tenderest sentiments of human hearts, were to him but so many whetstones on which to sharpen the glittering razor of his wit. Mephistopheles himself might envy the icy heartlessness of the glittering epigrams in which his contempt for each was crystallized. His wit fed upon himself, and merrily proclaimed his own degradation: "L'homme est un sot animal," he said, "si j'en juge par

moi-même." His estimation of mankind at large was equally unflattering: "Le public, le public, combien faut-il de sots pour faire un public?" The best thing to do with society was to leave it. He preferred solitude to the company of his fellow men, "parce que je suis plus accoutumé à mes défauts qu'à ceux d'autrui."

"Je demandais à M——, pourquoi, en se condamnant à l'obscurité, il se dérobaient au bien qu'on pouvait lui faire. 'Les hommes,' me dit-il, 'ne peuvent rien faire pour moi qui vaille leur oubli.'"

"M. D——, pour peindre d'un seul mot la rareté des honnêtes gens, me disait que dans la société l'honnête homme est une variété de l'espèce humaine."

"M. de Lassay, homme très-doux, mais qui avait une grande connaissance de la société, disait qu'il faudrait avaler un crapaud tous les matins pour ne trouver rien de dégoûtant le reste de la journée, quand on devait la passer dans le monde."

The verdict of after-times is disposed of with a single sneer: "La postérité n'est pas autre chose qu'un public qui succède à un autre; or vous voyez ce que c'est que le public d'à présent."

His feelings about religion were tinged with all the bitterness of the period; and the sarcasms which he poured out so freely upon this world, lost none of their sting when directed against the next.

"On s'habitue à tout, même à la vie. La Fontaine, entendant plaindre le sort des damnés au milieu du feu de l'enfer, dit: 'Je me flatte qu'ils s'y accoutument, et qu'à la fin ils sont là comme le poisson dans l'eau.'"

"A propos des choses de ce bas monde qui vont de mal en pis, M. L—— disait, 'J'ai lu quelque part qu'en politique il n'y a rien de si malheureux pour les peuples que les règnes trop longs. J'entends que Dieu est éternel; tout est dit.'"

We conclude with two stories of less gloomy import, and good specimens of Chamfort's lighter order of fun. The first sounds as if it owned the parentage of Molière.

"On disait à Délon, médecin mesmerist: 'Eh bien, M. de B—— est mort, malgré la promesse que vous aviez faite de le guérir.' 'Vous avez,' dit-il, 'été absent; vous n'avez pas suivi les progrès de la cure: il est mort guéri.'"

"Le maréchal de Biron eut une maladie très-dangereuse: il voulut se confesser, et dit devant plusieurs de ses amis: 'Ce que je dois

à Dieu, ce que je dois au roi, ce que je dois à l'état.' . . . Un de ses amis l'interrompit, 'Tais-toi,' dit-il, 'tu mourras insolvable.'"

The examples already quoted will suffice to give an idea of the cold, hard, metallic glare of a genius which, like Chamfort's, was unenlightened by earnest thought, softened by no humanizing emotion, and devoid of all inspiring sincerity. His witticisms glitter about him like a cascade of sparks, emitting neither distinct light nor creative heat; his very polish is suggestive of sterility; and the smile which his humor suggests is quickly succeeded by a wearisome sense of deliberate heartlessness, hopelessness, and indifference.

We turn with relief to a mind more instinct with purpose, and certainly not less entertaining in performance. Rivarol was pronounced by no less a judge than Voltaire to be "the Frenchman *par excellence* of his day;" and even without so authoritative a verdict, it would be impossible to overlook the numerous particulars in which he typified the tastes, if not always the convictions, of his countrymen. His short career—for he died at forty-four—explains the incomplete and fragmentary nature of his works; but, besides his extraordinary conversational reputation, which raised him to the dignity of a professed improvisatore, he has left enough behind him to assure neutral critics of his readiness, versatility, and resource, and to justify his biographers in claiming for him admission to that shadowy temple of fame in which those who, but for adverse chance, might, could, should, or would have been among the leaders of mankind, receive the languid honors of conjectural admiration. He was born in 1757, in a village in Languedoc, and, as the eldest of a family of sixteen, was very speedily impressed with the imperative necessity of securing a livelihood. The father, though coming of good Italian stock, and by no means without education, had descended to the inglorious but profitable business of an innkeeper. The circumstance was not forgotten when Rivarol, in after times, surrounded by an eager and revengeful army of literary enemies, stood forth as the champion of aristocratic rights. Even those who profited by his talent could not help sneering at the hand which defended them. Once in a well-born crowd, at the first outbreak of the Revolution, Rivarol was descanting with

an air of importance on the dangers of the times. "Nos droits," he cried, "nos privilèges sont menacés." "Nos droits?" cried the duc de Crequi, who was standing by. "Eh bien, qu'est-ce que vous trouvez donc singulier en ce mot?" "C'est votre pluriel," replied the duke, "que je trouve singulier." The young aspirant to fame, however, was too sure of his powers to be easily abashed, and he contrived that his first literary task should call attention to his hereditary respectability. Coming to Paris, and apparently absorbed in frivolous amusements, he was in reality working hard at a translation of Dante. "C'est un bon moyen," he told his friends laughingly, "de faire ma cour aux Rivarol d'Italie;" and elsewhere he explains, "J'ai traduit l'Enfer de Dante parceque j'y retrouvais mes ancêtres." The undertaking of so ambitious a task bespoke already the lofty designs which were concealed under affected manners and an ostentatious indolence. Success soon smiled upon his hopes. His graceful manners and imposing delivery procured him an easy triumph in several literary cafés, especially "Le Caveau," where a set of brilliant talkers were accustomed to meet. In 1784 he acquired an almost European celebrity by carrying off the prize offered by the Academy of Berlin, under the auspices of Frederick the Great, for the best treatise on the universality of the French language, and the probable causes of its continuance. The essay, though as rhetorical and high-flown as was natural under the circumstances, implied a real critical faculty, and was the means probably of directing its author to a line of grammatical inquiry on which he subsequently grounded other and far deeper speculations. The labored enjoyments of Parisian salons and a life of polished dissipation were, however, beginning to tell upon his powers, and before his thirtieth year he began to complain of diminishing versatility. "Ma vie est un drame si ennuyeux," he writes, "que je prétends que c'est Mercier qui l'a fait. Autrefois je réparais dans une heure huit jours de folie; et aujourd'hui il me faut huit grands jours de sagesse pour réparer une folie d'une heure." His judgment as a critic, and his never-failing loquacity, placed him, however, daily in a more conspicuous social position. His taste in authorship was delicate, sensitive, and correct, and the judgments he pronounced were tinged

with a real literary enthusiasm. "Les gens de goût sont les hauts-justiciers de la littérature. L'esprit de critique est un esprit d'ordre; il connaît les délits contre le goût et les porte au tribunal du ridicule; car le rire est souvent l'expression de sa colère, et ceux qui le blâment ne songent pas assez que l'homme de goût a reçu vingt blessures avant d'en faire une." The critical activity thus explained and defended led him before long to undertake a systematic onslaught on a host of insignificant poetasters, who at this time crowded the booksellers' windows with worthless productions. This was the *Petit Almanach de Grands Hommes*, a sort of prose *Dunciad* in which the chief literary culprits of the year were, under a transparent veil of bombastic eulogy, held up to well-merited derision. As with the victims of Pope's immortal satire, time has already effectually completed the assailant's purpose, and the heroes of the *Petit Almanach* are for the most part only known to fame by the very instrumentality which was intended for their more speedy consignment to oblivion.

Rivarol had now, however, graver employments before him. Immediately upon the outbreak of the Revolution, he made the choice which interest, taste, and prejudice, alike recommended, and stood boldly forward against the advancing current of democracy. A journal named *Politique National* was the organ of the most enlightened Conservatives, and to this Rivarol contributed the most forcible, and certainly the most sagacious, expositions of the existing crisis which had as yet appeared upon his side of the controversy. With a vehemence which lost none of its effect by being polished and antithetical, he denounced the jealous vanity of the bourgeoisie, as being, rather than the sufferings of the mass, the true cause of disturbance. Though the slave of his own brilliancy, and too epigrammatic to be invariably correct, he gives from time to time satisfactory evidence of his real thoughtfulness and political insight. For one thing, he thoroughly appreciated the gravity of the statesman's task: "La politique," he said, "est comme le sphinx de la fable — elle dévore tous ceux qui n'expliquent pas ses énigmes." The follies of his own party did not escape him any more than the crimes of his antagonists. Upon the blind tardiness of the court he was especially severe; he pointed out the futility

of concessions withheld till their worth and efficacy is lost: "La populace de Paris," he writes, "et celle même de toutes les villes du royaume, ont encore bien des crimes à faire, avant d'égaliser les sottises de la cour. Tout le règne actuel peut se réduire à quinze ans de faiblesse, et à un jour de force mal employée." He observed of the aristocrats, the men who forgot nothing and learnt nothing, "qu'ils prenaient leurs souvenirs pour des droits:" of the anti-revolutionary alliance, "ils ont toujours été en arrière d'une année, d'une armée, et d'une idée." On the other hand, the contempt for the mass, which with Chamfort exploded in a sneer, became in his mind a guiding principle in speculation, and satisfactorily explained the social phenomena of the time: "Le peuple," he said, "ne goûte de la liberté, comme de liqueurs violentes, que pour s'enivrer et devenir furieux." "Le peuple," so runs another of his maxims, "est un souverain qui ne demande qu'à manger: sa majesté est tranquille quand elle digère. Here is another, still more trenchant in its tone:—

"Il n'est point de siècles de lumière pour la populace; elle n'est ni française, ni anglaise, ni espagnole. La populace est toujours et en tout pays la même—toujours cannibale, toujours anthropophage; et quand elle se venge de ses magistrats, elle punit des crimes qui ne sont pas toujours avérés par des crimes qui sont toujours certains."

The genius of Burke himself might have rejoiced over the concise and nicely-poised weightiness of such apothegms as these:—

"La populace croit aller mieux à la liberté, quand elle attend à celle des autres.

"Les nations que les rois assemblent et consultent, commencent par de vœux et finissent par des volontés.

"La philosophie moderne n'est rien autre chose que les passions armées de principes.

"Tout philosophie constituant est gros d'un jacobin: c'est une vérité que l'Europe ne doit pas perdre de vue."

Another and less successful project was the publication of the "Acts of the Apostles," a gigantic squib, intended to show the proceedings of the revolutionary leaders in a ridiculous aspect: but the joke was on too large a scale, and too long supported to suit the fastidious taste of Parisian readers, and in its present shape defies the most enterprising student by its insupportable dulness. Riva-

rol, however, was not allowed to continue his literary championship undisturbed. In 1790, he found it expedient to attempt escape, but failed to elude the vigilance of the patriots, and only two years later succeeded in making his way to Brussels, Amsterdam, and ultimately London. He now set about the most serious enterprise of his life,—his *Théorie du Corps Politique*, on which he was still engaged when, some years later, his mortal illness overtook him. The object of the work was to combat the doctrine—which Rousseau had rendered fashionable—of the sovereignty of the people. Defining power to be organized force, sovereignty to be conservative power, and the people to be essentially unconservative, he demonstrated with a lucidity, for which every good Tory should revere his memory, the truth that the true governance of society must be vested in the hands of the aristocratic few. Society, however, still stole him from his tasks; and we have an amusing account of the troubles of an unfortunate publisher who, during Rivarol's subsequent residence in Hamburg, had actually to keep him under lock, to expedite the composition of a long-promised preliminary discourse to a new dictionary of the French language. It was doubtless far more agreeable to dictate to fine ladies than to be the slave of a printer's devil; and Rivarol would not do the one so long as he had the least chance of enjoying the other.

At Hamburg he appears to have lived in an agreeable and somewhat dissolute society. The animal spirits of emigration, he said, fled thither for refuge; and we may infer that merriment was not the only characteristic of the expiring régime which the high-bred exiles carried with them to their new abode. Rivarol, no doubt, knew extremely well how to enliven supper-parties, where manners were good and morals indulgent, which were graced by the gentle radiance of "des yeux de velours," and the sophistries of controversialists more lovely than immaculate. Once, for instance, we find him parodizing the mixed greediness and patriotism of Lally-Tolendal. "Oui, messieurs, j'ai vu couler ce sang,—voulez-vous me verser un verre de vin de Bourgogne?—oui, messieurs, j'ai vu tomber cette tête,—voulez-vous me faire passer une aile de poulet?" etc. etc. One can fancy the glee with which such a scene would be enacted to a royalist audience, and the witticisms

which it would suggest at the expense of revolutionary gourmandism.

Here, too, among other excitements, Rivarol fell in with the most fervent of all his admirers. Chénedollé, at this time young, romantic, burning with literary enthusiasm, and a hero-worshiper of the devoutest order, was as enraptured as a priest of Apis with a new-found calf, at the discovery of so worthy an object of adoration. Four years before, the young poet had joined the party of the emigrants, had served for two campaigns under royalist banners, and had arrived in Hamburg, early in 1795, a fugitive from the arms of his victorious countrymen. His zeal for greatness was hot, his temperament of the order that is familiarly described as "gushing;" and the neighborhood of so great an intellectual celebrity threw him into a fever of excitement. Already the *Héloïse* of J. J. Rousseau, the *Georgics* of the Abbé Delille, the *Arcadia* of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, above all the graphic descriptions of Buffon, had excited ecstasies of wonder and delight. All these, however, were as nothing to his latest passion. Several chance meetings with Rivarol at the fashionable restaurant of the city, and a few brilliant expressions stealthily overheard, intoxicated the young votary almost to the verge of insanity. "I saw, I thought, I dreamt nothing but Rivarol; c'était une vraie frénésie, qui m'ôtait jusqu'au sommeil." After six weeks of frantic expectation, an opportune friend volunteered to introduce him to "the king of conversation." The young poet arrived in a ludicrous state of mixed nervousness and satisfaction which he has delineated with unblushing fidelity, and which M. Sainte-Beuve, in his sketch of "Chateaubriand and his literary friends," has preserved entire. Nothing can be more graphic than the account given by Chénedollé of the much-desired interview, or more characteristic of the inordinate pretentiousness, vanity, and bombast into which the triumphs of society and a long course of flattery can stimulate a nature for which really grave pursuits possess no charm, and which honest criticism has never curbed into decent self-restraint. Chénedollé might well tremble, for Rivarol was not only a great talker, but a fine gentleman, and affected the graceful condescension of one who belonged to the innermost and most refined circle of the Parisian world.

He launched forthwith into a friendly criticism of his visitor's latest production, and promised him a speedy growth of power in the invigorating sunshine of his own society. "J'espère," he said, "que nous ferons quelque chose de vous. Venez me voir, nous mettrons votre esprit *en serre chaude*, et tout ira bien. Pour commencer, nous allons faire aujourd'hui une débauche de poésie." Hereupon began a marvellous display of versatile loquacity. Starting from the first principles of his theme, the orator maintained that the savage and the poet are one: both speak by hieroglyphics, though the latter moves in a larger orbit, and enjoys a more extended range of vision. Armed with this idea, and enlarging it gradually to the proposition, that art should aim at nothing short of the infinite, Rivarol performed prodigies of dexterity, dazzled his auditors with a sparkling cascade of metaphor, analogy, and retort, quenched their occasional dissent with an authoritative "point d'objections d'enfant," and charmed them no less by the melody of his voice than the cogency of his reason into fancying themselves for awhile the favored visitors to an intellectual fairyland. After dinner, however, still greater wonders awaited them: the party adjourned to the garden; and Chénedollé has invested the scene with the classical dignity due to a Platonic discussion.

The sun was sinking to the west, the sky was clear as that of Greece, the foliage rivalled the plane-trees of the Academy, and the modern Socrates began to talk, and this time upon no abstract theme. Rapidly surveying the writers of the century, he passed a trenchant, searching, and, it must be confessed, somewhat uncharitable judgment upon each. Against Voltaire especially he evinced a sort of personal animosity, and, as his panegyrist observed, "pushed jealousy very far." The *Henriade*, he said, was nothing "qu'un maigre croquis, une squelette épique, où manquent les muscles, les chairs, et les couleurs:" the tragedies are cold and glittering philosophical treatises; in the style there is always "une partie morte:" the *Essay on Manners* an elegant but barren and untruthful sketch,—a miserable parody of Bossuet's immortal discourse. "One must needs," continued the critic, "be very *médiocre* oneself to imagine that there is nothing beyond the thought of Voltaire: "rien de plus in-

complet que cette pensée : elle est vaine, superficielle, moqueuse, dissolvante, essentiellement propre à détruire, et voilà tout. Du reste, il n'y a ni profondeur, ni élévation, ni unité, ni avenir, rien de ce qui fonde et systématise." In support of so rigorous a sentence the literary culprit's works were next reviewed in detail, and some stinging sarcasm, like a drop of aquafortis, bestowed on each. Buffon was the next to suffer : " Son style a de la pompe et de l'ampleur, mais il est diffus et pâteux : on y voit toujours flotter les plis de la robe d'Apollon, mais souvent le dieu n'y est pas." Chénedollé's enthusiasm must have died away, as one by one his favorite descriptions were analyzed and disapproved. That of the Dog was too long ; " not characterized by the splendid economy of style of the old masters : " the Eagle was not sufficiently vigorous or masculine : the Peacock especially provoked the critic's indignation at its insufficiency ; it was diffuse, yet incomplete : " cela chatoie plus encore que cela ne rayonne ; " to paint this " opulent oiseau," one ought, he said, " to dip one's brushes in the sun, and shed the colors on its outline as rapidly as that great luminary darts its rays upon sky and mountain. I have in my head a peacock, new, magnificent, after a very different fashion, and I would only ask for an hour to beat this one." M. Sainte-Beuve's criticism is too obviously appropriate not to be recorded : " not only," he says, " had he a peacock in his head, but he was the peacock in person when he could speak like this." Frenchmen, however tolerant of vanity, have yet a limit to their endurance, and even Chénedollé was a little shocked. " I was confounded, I confess," he writes, " by the severity of the judgments, and the tone of assurance and infallibility with which they were delivered ; it seemed to me out of the question that a man who talked so well could possibly be wrong." Presently, however, Rousseau fell under the lash, and Rivarol became viciously epigrammatic at his expense. " He is a grand master-sophist, who does not think a word of what he says or writes—c'est le paradoxe incarné : grand artiste d'ailleurs en fait de style . . . il parle du haut de ses livres comme du haut d'une tribune ; il a des cris et des gestes dans son style, et son éloquence épileptique a dû être irrésistible sur les femmes et les jeunes gens. Orateur ambidextre, il écrit sans conscience, ou plutôt il laisse errer sa conscience

au gré de toutes ses sensations et de toutes ses affections. Aussi passionné-t-il tout ce qu'il touche." " St.-Georges de l'épigramme," as Rivarol was entitled, was now fairly astride his battle-horse, and warming with achieved success, strode right and left across the battle-field of letters, and driving all before the terror of his arms. At every word a reputation dies ; scarce a contemporary had the luck to escape the discomfiture of a sarcastic thrust, impalement on a pun, or the sweep of a glittering invective. The Abbé Delille was " nothing but a nightingale who had got his brain in his throat ; " the luminous phrases of Cerutti were the work of a sort of literary snail leaving a silvered track—in reality, mere froth and drivel. Chabanon, a translator of Theocritus and Pindar, was said to have done it " de toute sa haine contre le Grec." Le Brun was sketched sitting on his bed with dirty sheets—a shirt a fortnight old—surrounded by Virgil, Horace, Corneille, Racine, and Rousseau, angling for a word in one or the other to compose the mosaic of his poetry. Condorcet was described as writing with opium on leaves of lead. Mirabeau as a big sponge always filled up with other people's ideas. " Il n'a eu quelque réputation," continued his assailant, " que parce qu'il a toujours écrit sur des matières palpitantes de l'intérêt du moment ; there are in his big books some happy expressions, but they are borrowed from Cerutti, Chamfort, or myself."

Three hours slipped unperceived away ; the sun, regardless of the unfinished oration, went ruthlessly down ; and the delighted visitors, armed with a copy of the great man's translation of Dante,—a mine of expressions, as he informed them, most valuable to a youthful poet,—heads, hearts, and mouths full of naught but Rivarol, at length took their departure.

Upon a subsequent occasion, Chénedollé was allowed to hear the beginning of the *Théorie du Corps Politique* ; a work which, written methodically on separate slips of paper, and once suffered to fall into confusion, defied all the efforts of Rivarol's post-humous commentators to reduce it into a systematic arrangement. Part of it was stolen, and printed under another name at Hamburg, and a single chapter was published separately by the author himself many years later at Paris. Rivarol's premature death cut short the scheme half way ; and

we have only the conjectural decisions of friends or foes to tell us how much the world lost by its non-completion. Chénedollé, in unwavering loyalty, believes that his genius was capable of rising to the dizzyest heights of political speculation: and, had time but been allowed him, of reducing the bewildering phenomena of the Revolution to lucid simplicity, and even, perhaps, of arresting its course. Catching his master's epigrammatic tone, he pronounces Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, and Rivarol the three most distinguished men of letters at the close of the 18th century: "Beaumarchais, par son *Figaro*, donna le manifeste de la Révolution; Mirabeau la fit; Rivarol la combattit et fit tout pour l'enrayer: il mourut à la peine." Calmer judges will probably have no trouble in convincing themselves that pretty analogies, nicely-balanced phrases, and fortunate retorts, though cogent in the controversies of the drawing-room, and fascinating to a coterie of fine ladies or aspiring authors, have yet the smallest possible influence on the stern facts of life, the sentiments of suffering classes, the march of a revolution; and that twenty elegant treatises, polished by easy thinkers, like Rivarol, into well-bred gracefulness, and welcomed with all the hosannas of St. Germain, would have done but little towards either explaining or impeding any social convulsion, and would have left the course of things in France very much as they found it.

For two years Chénedollé's trance of admiration lasted; every thought, every faculty, every wish seemed absorbed in the homage of his idol. "The god of conversation" exacted almost divine honors, and the young man was too busy listening to be able either to think or to write. One is hardly surprised to find that an intimacy so extravagant and foolish was broken off at last on a trifle about which two children would be ashamed to quarrel. The hero and the worshipper came to black looks and angry words, exchanged a brief fusillade of snappish notes, and resolved at once to part. Their common friends in vain attempted reconciliation: Chénedollé was immovable. "J'adore le talent de Rivarol," he said, "et j'aime sa personne; mais je ne le reverrai plus." Adoration and love, we may suspect, had sunk to a low ebb, when the first pretext for estrangement was thus readily embraced.

A curious little episode of love, which resulted in the French wit being caught by an Irish adventuress, is worth recording only for the witty language in which the victim expressed his sufferings: "Je ne suis ni Ju-

piter ni Socrate, et j'ai trouvé dans ma maison Xantippe et Junon." "Un jour," so runs another of his complaints, "je m'avisai de médire de l'amour, il m'envoya l'hymen pour se venger. Depuis je n'ai vécu que de regrets." At last a separation ensued, and an illiterate, but very fascinating, young lady consoled the weary husband for his late persecutions. Such a domestic régime throws a somewhat suspicious light upon Rivarol's high moral tone and the theological speculations which advanced him almost to the chair of De Maistre. His views of religion, however, as a political engine and mainstay of the fabric of society, are sensible and well expressed; the reckless skepticism of his contemporaries affected him with sincere alarm: "C'est un terrible luxe," he said, "que l'incrédulité." "Il ne croit pas en Dieu," he wrote of one of his contemporaries, whose convictions were stronger than his piety, "mais il craint en Dieu." It is, however, with less profound topics that Rivarol's wit played most at ease, and exhibited in the most striking manner its astonishing range and pliability. With a few specimens of this we conclude a notice already, we fear, prolonged beyond the conventional limits.

His brother, whom he styled "ma montre de répétition, served as the butt for a succession of stinging pleasantries: "Il serait l'homme d'esprit d'une autre famille, c'est le sot de nôtre." He appears to have been of a melancholy temperament: "Jérémie," observed his merciless relative, "aurait été un buffon à côté de lui." Once he came to announce that he had been reading a newly-composed tragedy to M. de B——: "Hélas!" was the consoling reply, "je vous avais dit, que c'était un de nos amis." Of the Duke of Orleans' rubicund features he observed, "que la débauche l'avait dispensé de rougir." Mirabeau was equally little to his taste: "C'était l'homme du monde qui ressemblait le plus à sa réputation; il était affreux." "Ce Mirabeau est capable de tout pour l'argent, même d'une bonne action." Buffon's son, who did little credit to his illustrious parentage, was described as "the worst chapter of natural history his father ever wrote."

"C'est un terrible avantage que de n'avoir rien fait, mais il ne faut pas en abuser.

"On lui demandait son sentiment sur Madame de Genlis. 'Je n'aime,' répondit-il, 'que les sexes prononcés.'

"Les journalistes qui écrivent pesamment sur les poésies légères de Voltaire sont comme les commis de nos douanes qui impriment leurs plombs sur les gazes légères d'Italie.

"Lorsqu'il apprit que l'archevêque de Toulouse s'était empoisonné il dit, 'C'est qu'il aura avalé une de ses maximes.'"

From The Saturday Review.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

THE supreme difficulty in the achievement of a successful dinner-party is commonly thought, and with justice, to lie in the judicious assortment of the male and female guests. There are some houses where this difficulty is always surmounted, and there are others where it is as uniformly fatal. No small portion of the anguish, generally characteristic of the ten minutes before the announcement of dinner may be traced to this source, and a man can scarcely enjoy much tranquillity at a moment when he is anticipating his doom in the shape of a contemptuous dowager or an obviously insipid miss. The want of judgment displayed on these so-called festive occasions by a reckless or superficial minded host is one of the gravest of social offences. People reasonably feel that they have a right to demand at least as much trouble from their entertainer as is bestowed by the proprietor of a happy family on the fitting accommodation of his *protégés*. If Mr. Wombwell had placed the pelican of the wilderness in the same cage with the lion, or the bear from the North Pole with the Tiger from Bengal, the result in itself would have been an adequate punishment for his temerity or folly. Unhappily, it is not practicable to inflict a well-deserved vengeance upon the man who has condemned you to a penal servitude of some three hours with a feeble being who takes interest in nothing under the sun, and whom no topic can rouse into decent animation. The mental state of the victim, when first consigned to the tender mercies of a vapid partner, is a compound of the two most agonizing feelings recorded in the history of Robinson Crusoe—his desolation when he saw ships sail by in the offing unobservant of his signals, and his profound horror on first perceiving the preparations for the repast of the cannibals. The purgatory which awaits him is mournfully familiar to the diner-out. There are a few social salamanders who regard the ordeal with equanimity, and who pass through it with a curiously intrepid self-possession; but, to most people, this companionship, into which a hospitable fiend has forced them, is a source of genuine distress. And this is aggravated by the consciousness that there are others to whom "the cup has been dealt in another measure." Somebody whom you know to be sprightly and appreciative has

been told off with somebody else whom you know to be dull and egotistical. Mr. Snodgrass is directed to offer his arm to Becky Sharp, while Warrington is made over to "Mr. F.'s aunt," who makes oracular and detached statements, such as that "her uncle George's mill was burnt down," or "there's milestones on the Dover road." If the intelligent man is harassed by the vapid woman, not less provoked is the clever woman by a flippant man. Everything goes wrong, and the whole affair collapses in a mixture of surly despair and quiet resignation, simply because the guests were not properly sorted, the fool with the fool, and the clever woman with the clever man, each after their kind.

Poets have often compared life to a banquet, and, in truth, the companionships of life are frequently not less incongruous than those of a banquet; but there is one consideration which must manifestly overthrow any argument drawn from one to the other. The most tedious dinner-party with which inhuman host ever vexed the souls of human guests never failed to come to an end. The principle of assortment which ensures success in unions for two or three hours may be less applicable to others which last ten or twenty times as many years. The popular notion, however, seems to be that it is equally appropriate in either case. There can be no doubt that at a dinner-party the most delightful partner for a clever man is a clever woman; and people are generally inclined to think that a clever woman will be equally delightful to him at his own table all the year round. Theoretically, this appears to be the sound view. When a thoughtful or learned man mates himself with a gushing creature without two ideas in her head, it is natural to exclaim, how much happier he would have been with somebody as learned and laborious as himself. Or when a refined and sentimental friend, full of generous schemes and airy aspirations, marries a woman who proves "a good wife to him" in other words, who looks carefully after his children, and his shirt-buttons—it is reasonable to sigh over his unworthy fate. Or the object of sympathy may be a man who takes an eager interest and an active part in public affairs, but whose wife is like the "cold, silly, female fool" mentioned by De Tocqueville, who ran out of the room whenever Bonaparte came in, "because he was always talking his tiresome politics."

All these appear at the first glance to be sheer matrimonial mistakes. It is the wearisome dinner-party over again, only with the material difference that the dessert never comes and the ladies never withdraw. But our pity for these seemingly ill-mated couples may, after all, be wholly unnecessary. Is it, as a matter of fact, generally to be desired that all the clever men should pair off with all the clever women, and leave the dullards and that large section which is neither dull nor clever to act on the same principle? History does not much help us. There have been illustrious men who found bliss in wives of their own mental stature; but there have been as many others who got on admirably well with fools; and, lastly, there has been a brilliant class who preferred to eschew female alliances altogether. Some few have enjoyed the good fortune of David Copperfield, and, being providentially relieved of the fool, have rushed into the arms of common sense. But from the nature of the case this must be a rare privilege, and when you have once made the silly Dora your own, it is too much to expect that a timely consumption will prevent her from long continuing so, in order that you may turn experience to account by marrying Agnes.

A clever man, like anybody else, may marry a clever woman, a merely sensible woman, a fool, or an echo. Of these four varieties of wives, the last is unquestionably the least to be coveted. Habitual fractiousness is a decided drawback in the partner of one's joys, and flippancy or frivolity is not always congenial; but neither a fractious woman nor a flippant woman can do a husband any serious harm, though they may be exceedingly unpleasant at the time. It is different when he awakes to find himself married to his shadow—to a woman who may have been accomplished and even slightly thoughtful, but who is so weakly endowed with individuality that before they have been married three months she has sunk into a mere echo of himself. Originally, perhaps, she was able to pronounce opinions worth listening to, and which he was glad to have, but all her powers have fled before his superiority like a badly fixed photograph before the sun. From being a stimulant she has degenerated into a sheer absorbent. He married in the hopes of finding a sort of "guide, philosopher, and friend," and discovers that, after all, he has only

doubled himself. Once she might have been to him, in Mr. Tennyson's words, "as water is to wine," and the result of the combination bears a natural resemblance to their detestable compound—negus. The fact is that a clever man, more than all others, requires a slightly acidulous element in his companion. All clever men are more or less infected with vanity. It may be blatant and offensive, it may be excessive but not unamusing, or it may show itself just as a bare *souçon*, but it is never entirely absent, and needs to be counteracted by something much more potent than a hot and sugary intellectual negus. A clever husband, like the good despot, will be all the better for a little constitutional opposition. If his most constant companion is ever flattering, ever kind, his natural share of self-love is sure to grow both unhealthily large in quantity, and unworthily little in quality. The height of domestic felicity would not probably be attained by a man whose wife could set him right in a Greek quotation, or oppose his views about Hebrew points, or thwart him in his theory of the origin of evil; but still less where he is never treated to an occasional dose of wholesome and vigorous dissent, and is allowed to make assertions and advance opinions without fear of criticism or chance of opposition. Solitude tends to make a man think a great deal too highly of himself, but this *quasi*-solitude is still worse, where he only sees his own mental shadow, and hears his own mental echo. Of course, in many marriages, the wife is no more a companion to her husband than his housekeeper or his cook; and there may be no more genuine intercourse between them than is implied by two men going into partnership in business. In such cases mental qualities are not of much importance. A head equal to the arithmetic of weekly bills, and a heart that does not quail before the emergencies of the nursery, are amply sufficient to answer all purposes. But where a man makes a companion of his wife, the variety of woman that he selects palpably makes a great difference, not solely in external comfort, but in maintaining the vigor of his own character.

It is remarkable that the conditions which prevent a man from ever appearing a hero to his valet should not operate equally in the case of his wife. He probably has less insight into his wife's foibles than her maid,

because what it is the fashion to call the "inner life" of woman is like her apparel, infinitely more complex than that of the ordinary run of men. But a wife, although she does not shave him, and brushes neither his hair nor his clothes, generally knows more of her husband's character than his valet, and the domestic hero-worship flourishes notwithstanding. A dull blockhead, who is notorious among his acquaintances for stupidity and folly, appears to his faithful spouse an archangel in the house. And with a clever man the case is far worse, for the blockhead, in spite of the enfolding fumes of domestic incense, never quite loses the suspicion that other men think him a fool, and that his wife is rather a fool for thinking him anything else. But a clever man does not, to begin with, underrate his own powers; and, conscious that there is some foundation for the conjugal idolatry, he magnifies this foundation into something like ten thousand times its actual dimensions. If his wife is clever, too, the ill is aggravated still further, and he exaggerates his intellect to a still greater extent on a kind of *laudari ab laudato* principle. A clever man will really find it worth while to reflect whether it is not better for him to marry a downright fool than a mere petticoated edition of himself, unrevised and uncorrected, with all the original flaws faithfully reproduced.

Mr. Disraeli dedicated *Sybil* to "the most severe of critics, but—a perfect wife." Perhaps the "but" might be appropriately replaced by "because." At least, no wife is perfect who cannot be a severe critic upon occasion. To a very clever man perhaps it is the most considerable of her functions. If his cleverness lies in the region of romance or poetry, and more especially if he loves to air

it in public, it is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly useful domestic institution than a sternly critical wife. Hence it may be argued that the clever man must pair off with the clever woman, for otherwise how should she be competent to criticise him? Unless he selects somebody as good as himself, the only criticism he is likely to encounter will come in the form of Caudle lectures or Naggleton wrangles. But this is just the same sort of mistake as people make who sneer at journalists for reviewing books they could not write, or commenting upon campaigns they could not have conducted. The fallacy has been so frequently refuted in the latter case that we need scarcely repeat the arguments against its employment in the former. A woman may be quite unable to originate, and yet very competent to pass an intelligent judgment upon what has been originated by somebody else in whom she is interested. However, it is obviously as impossible to generalize about the sort of women whom clever men would do well to marry as it would be to prescribe what kind of things clever men should eat for dinner. Some would be happiest with babies like poor Harriet Shelley, the chief source of whose nuptial joy was that "the house had such a nice garden for her and Percy to play in." Others, like Voltaire or D'Alembert, would be better pleased with women like Madame du Chatelet or Mdle. L'Espinasse, who could solve abstruse astronomical problems, and write treatises on fluxions. Perhaps the majority of clever men are well contented with wives as like mothers as possible. But if it is impossible to lay down any more definite rule, the clever man may at all events be warned to marry somebody else, and not himself in another form.

THE annual dinner of the Acclimatization Society was held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. Our modern explorers and wild hunters were well represented, Captains Speke and Grant, M. du Chailu and Mr. Grantley Berkely all being present. The dinner comprised all kinds of strange food—conger-eel soup, ostriches' eggs, "poulets a l'émancipation des nègres"—there is some chance of emancipation becoming fashionable after this—frogs dressed like chickens, bear's ham, sand grouse, "bourgoul" from the Leba-

non, and many other novelties were cautiously partaken of. Some of them seem, however, to have possessed but little charm besides that of novelty, for Mr. Bernal Osborne declared flatly that he would rather starve than eat conger-eel soup. The chairman, in calling attention to the more important objects of the Society, reminded the members that there was a time when the only vegetable grown in England was the cabbage, when wheat was unknown, and the only trees in our forests were the oak and the beech.

From The Reader.

OLD NEW ZEALAND.

Old New Zealand: being Incidents of Native Customs and Character in the Old Times.
By a Pakeha Maori. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).

MANY nations have traditions that, at a time when they were still steeped in barbarism, beings of a superior order suddenly appeared amongst them, who, by instructing them in arts and manufactures to which they had been strangers, bringing with them useful plants and animals, establishing a firm Government, and introducing a code of morals, conferred so many great and lasting benefits that, in grateful acknowledgment of the services rendered, the crowd willingly admitted them amongst the list of gods to be worshipped and looked up to by unborn generations. Manco Capac and Mama Ocello, the founders of the Peruvian empire, and many of the gods of whom mythology speaks, were doubtless of this description. The circumstances under which they established themselves amongst the barbarians whom they benefited are, of course, entirely hidden from us; but there are still many spots in the world where a really good and clever man may become a Manco Capac on a small scale and show us how the thing works. The benefits which a European, even of the lowest extraction, is able to confer upon savages are so great that most barbarous tribes make it a point to insure the presence of one. In nearly every one of the South Sea Islands are one or more white men, who live like chiefs and are treated as pets. They have good houses, plenty to eat and drink, are generally intermarried with the first families of the tribe, and have a decided influence in the national councils. In return for all these advantages they have to exercise their knowledge and accomplishments for the benefit of their newly adopted countrymen, aid them in time of war, form the medium of communication between them and the foreign traders, and amuse the chiefs and native aristocracy by telling stories of the white men and their doings.

Often these Europeans are men of no principle or mental capacity, and then their influence is not very great; but occasionally they are both good and clever, and then they have little difficulty in raising themselves to the highest position. The history of the Sandwich Islands and Fiji has preserved us the names

of at least two such characters; and the present Queen of the Hawaiian kingdom is, it must be remembered, the descendant of a common sailor, to whose wise counsel the first Kamehameha—the Egbert of the Sandwich Islands—was indebted for much that is admired in his policy. The work at the head of our notice gives a curious insight into this very state of things as it existed in New Zealand long before that country became a British colony. The author, who often calls himself a Pakeha Maori—a foreign New Zealander—but does not give his real name, is evidently a man of superior education, and possessed of much wit and humor. He went to Maori-land when the first introduction of gunpowder caused as thorough a revolution there as it did in Europe a few centuries ago. Before that time the natives used to live on the tops of hills in pabs or fortified places; but after fire-arms had become more general, hilly localities—as our feudal castles—were deserted for houses built in the plains, very often situated in low marshy ground, and exercising a most baneful influence on the health of the population. A tribe possessing fire-arms easily established its superiority over such of its neighbors as had only bows, arrows, and spears to fight with. Not to be exterminated or enslaved, every tribe had to make a desperate effort to procure these new weapons.

“The value of a pakeha to a tribe was enormous. For want of pakehas to trade with, and from whom to procure gunpowder and muskets, many tribes or sections of tribes were about this time exterminated, or nearly so, by their more fortunate neighbors, who got pakehas before them, and who consequently became armed with muskets first. A pakeha trader was therefore of a value, say, about twenty times his own weight in muskets. This, according to my notes made at the time, I find to have represented a value in New Zealand something about what we mean in England when we talk of the sum total of the national debt. A book-keeper, or a second-rate pakeha, not a trader, might be valued at, say, his weight in tomahawks; an enormous sum also. The poorest laboring pakeha, though he might have no property, would earn something—his value to the chief and tribe with whom he lived might be estimated at, say, his weight in fish-hooks, or about a hundred thousand pounds or so: value estimated by eagerness to obtain the article.

“The value of a musket was not to be es-

timated to a native by just what he gave for it; he gave all he had, or could procure, and had he ten times as much to give, he would have given it if necessary; or if not, he would buy ten muskets instead of one. Muskets! muskets! muskets! nothing but muskets was the first demand of the Maori: muskets and gunpowder, at any cost.

"I do not, however, mean to affirm that pakehas were at this time valued 'as such,'—like Mr. Pickwick's silk stockings, which were very good and valuable stockings, 'as stockings;' not at all. A loose straggling pakeha—a runaway from a ship, for instance, who had nothing, and was never likely to have anything—a vagrant straggler, passing from place to place—was not of much account, even in those times. Two men of this description (runaway sailors) were hospitably entertained one night by a chief, a very particular friend of mine, who, to pay himself for his trouble and outlay, ate one of them next morning."

In those days the New Zealanders had little to give in exchange, except such raw products as were produced spontaneously in their country. Amongst them ranked New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), Kowrie gum, and—human heads. The skippers of many of the colonial trading schooners were always ready to deal with a man who had "a real good head," and used to commission some of the low whites to supply them with that article. When our author first came to the country he happened to stumble across a collection cured for the market, and had the curiosity to examine it.

"One had undoubtedly been a warrior: there was something bold and defiant about the look of the head. Another was the head of a very old man, gray, shrivelled, and wrinkled. I was going on with my observations when I was saluted by a voice from behind with, 'Looking at the eds, sir?' It was one of the pakehas formerly mentioned. 'Yes,' said I, turning round just the least possible thing quicker than ordinary. 'Eds has been a getting scarce,' says he. 'I should think so,' says I. 'We an't ad a ed this long time,' says he. 'The devil!' says I. 'One of them eds has been hurt bad,' says he. 'I should think all were rather so,' says I. 'Oh, no, only one on 'em,' says he; 'the skull is split, and it wont fetch nothin',' says he. 'Oh, murder! I see now,' says I. 'Eds was *very* scarce,' says he, shaking his own 'ed.' 'Ah!' said I. 'They had to tattoo a slave a bit ago,' says he, 'and the villain ran away, tattooin' and all!' says he. 'What?' said I. 'Bolted afore he was fit to kill,' says he.

'Stole off with his own head?' says I. 'That's just it,' says he. 'Capital felony!' says I. 'You may say that, sir,' says he. 'Good-morning,' said I, and walked away pretty smartly. 'Loose notions about heads in this country,' said I to myself; and, involuntarily putting up my hand to my own, I thought somehow the bump of combativeness felt smaller, or, indeed, had vanished altogether. . . . It is a positive fact that, some time after this, the head of a live man was sold and paid for beforehand, and afterwards honestly delivered 'as per agreement.' The scoundrel slave who had the conscience to run away with his own head, after the trouble and expense had been gone to to tattoo it to make it more valuable, is no fiction either. Even in 'the good old times' people would sometimes be found to behave in the most dishonest manner. But there are good and bad to be found in all times and places."

Our author—we wish he had given his name, to enable us to compliment him on his capital book—tells many amusing anecdotes and tragical incidents of New Zealand life in the good old times; and, had we sufficient space, we should select several passages for extract. One more, however, must suffice, showing how much superior the Maori spirit-mediums were to the poor article that crops out amongst us. See how effectually the heathen priest raises the spirit of a departed chief, a great personal friend of the author's, and one of the first natives who learned to read and write, and kept a diary which nobody had been able to find since his death!

"We were all seated on the rush-strewn floor—about thirty persons. The door was shut; the fire had burnt down, leaving nothing but glowing charcoal, and the room was oppressively hot. The light was little better than darkness; and the part of the room in which the *tohunga* [priest] sat was now in perfect darkness. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a voice came out of the darkness. 'Salutation!—salutation to you all!—salutation!—salutation to you, my tribe!—family, I salute you!—friends, I salute you!—friend, my pakeha friend, I salute you.' The high-handed daring imposture was successful: our feelings were taken by storm. A cry expressive of affection and despair, such as was not good to hear, came from the sister of the dead chief, a fine, stately, and really handsome woman of about five-and-twenty. She was rushing, with both arms extended, into the dark, in the direction from whence the voice came; but was instantly seized round the waist and restrained by her brother by main

force, till, moaning and fainting, she lay still on the ground. At the same instant another female voice was heard from a young girl, who was held by the wrists by two young men, her brothers. 'Is it you?—is it you?—truly is it you!—*ae! ae!* they hold me, they restrain me: wonder not that I have not followed you; they restrain me, they watch me; but I go to you. The sun shall not rise, the sun shall not rise, *ae! ae!*' Here she fell insensible on the rush floor, and with the sister was carried out. . . . The spirit spoke again. 'Speak to me, the tribe!—speak to me, the family!—speak to me, the pakeha!' The 'pakeha,' however, was not at the moment inclined for conversation. At last the brother spoke, and asked, 'How is it with you?—is it well with you in that country?' The answer came (the voice all through, it is to be remembered, was not the voice of the *tohunga* [priest], but a strange melancholy sound, like the sound of the wind blowing into a hollow vessel)—'It is well with me: my place is a good place.' The brother spoke again—'Have you seen — and — and —?' (I forget the names mentioned), 'Yes; they are all with me.' A woman's voice now from another part of the room anxiously cried out—'Have you seen my sister?' 'Yes, I have seen her.' 'Tell her my love is great towards her and never will cease.' 'Yes, I will tell.' Here the woman burst into tears, and the pakeha felt a strange swelling of the chest, which he could in no way account for. . . .

"The spirit spoke again. 'Give my large tame pig to the priest' (the pakeha was disenchanted at once) 'and my double gun.' Here the brother interrupted—'Your gun is a *manatunga*; I shall keep it.' He is also disenchanted, thought I, but I was mistaken; he believed, but wished to keep the gun his brother had carried so long.

"An idea now struck me that I could ex-

pose the imposture without showing palpable disbelief. 'We cannot find your book,' said I; 'where have you concealed it?' The answer instantly came, 'I concealed it between the *tahuhu* of my house and the thatch, straight over you as you go in at the door.' Here the brother rushed out; all was silence till his return. In five minutes he came back *with the book in his hand!* I was beaten, but made another effort. 'What have you written in that book?' said I. 'A great many things.' 'Tell me some of them.' 'Which of them?' 'Any of them.' 'You are seeking for some information; what do you want to know? I will tell you.' Then suddenly—'Farewell, O tribe! farewell, my family, I go!' Here a general and impressive cry of 'farewell' arose from every one in the house. 'Farewell,' again cried the spirit *from deep beneath the ground!* 'Farewell,' again from *high in the air!* 'Farewell,' again came moaning through the distant darkness of the night. 'Farewell!' I was for a moment stunned. The deception was perfect. There was a dead silence—at last. 'A ventriloquist,' said I—'or—or—perhaps the devil.'"

The young woman who had been so much affected kept her promise to follow her departed brother to the land of spirits. Long ere the sun rose she had committed suicide.

"Old New Zealand" may be warmly recommended to public perusal. It is a most racy and interesting book, and vividly brings before us scenes which will never be acted again. The country in which they took place is undergoing a complete transformation, and its natives are fast passing away, like the gigantic birds, the Moas, which at one time peacefully looked over the garden-fences, or yielded, perhaps, part of the daily food of the population. B. S.

THE *New Yorker Handels-Zeitung* contains the following: "We need not be surprised at the vast number of letters annually coming from Germany, which are returned thither through the Dead Letter Office, if we cast a look at the following collection of directions, communicated to us by a post-officer. We have only to add that these are by no means exceptional directions, but that they were copied from a comparatively small number of German letters:—*Tubilef hat di Jeneral Post Hoffes* for To be left at the General Post Office; *Blackrakden Ehre Kande* for Black Rock, Erie County; *Diestricks Hemstett, Keelkauten* for District Homestead, Queen's County; *Leinanz, Vein Canton*, for Lyons, Wayne

County; *Liefer Boll bie Seragus, Ane Daike Counti*, for Liverpool, Syracuse, Onondaga County; *Starckwill, Haekemaer Kanto, Newjorker Staat* for Starckwill, Herkimer County, State of New York; *Westsentlekk, Rertzler Cy*, for West Sandlake, Rensselaer Co.; *Dschimaka, or Schumacken*, for Jamaica; *Nuttanglang Eiland* for New Town, Long Island; *Bostoffs, Scherle, Irrikante*, for Post Office, Shirley, Erie County; *Sechsen Drenetekirch Brodweg* for Sexton Trinity Church, Broadway; *Thiri Ocks* for Three Oaks; *Eisack Lewei* for Isaac Levi; *Eli-as Abbet Str.* for Elizabeth Str.; *Haus Dun Str.*, for Housdon Str." &c., &c.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

"CROAK, croak, croak,"
Thus the raven spoke,
Perched on his crooked tree
As black as black could be.
Shun him and fear him,
Lest the bridegroom hear him
Scout him and rout him
With his ominous eye about him.

Yet, "Croak, croak, croak,"
Still tolled from the oak;
From that fatal black bird,
Whether heard or unheard :
"O ship upon the high seas,
"Freighted with lives and spices,
"Sink, O ship," croaked the raven :
"Let the bride mount to heaven."

In a far foreign land,
Upon the wave-edged sand,
Some friends gaze wistfully
Across the glittering sea.
"If we could clasp our sister,"
Three say : "Now we have missed her !"
"If we could kiss our daughter !"
Two sigh across the water.

Oh, the ship sails fast
With silken flags at the mast,
And the home-wind blows soft ;
But a raven sits aloft,
Chuckling and choaking,
Croaking, croaking, croaking : —
Let the bridegroom keep watch keenly
For this choice bride mild and queenly.

On a sloped, sandy beach,
Which the spring-tide billows reach,
Stand a watchful throng
Who have hoped and waited long :
"Fie on this ship, that tarries
"With the priceless freight it carries.
"The time seems long and longer :
"O languid wind, wax stronger ;" —

Whilst the raven perched at ease
Still croaks and does not cease,
One monotonous note
Tolled from his iron throat :
"No father, no mother,
"But I have a sable brother :
"He sees where ocean flows to,
"And he knows what he knows, too."

A day and a night
They kept watch worn and white ;
A night and a day
For the swift ship on its way ;
For the bride and her maidens
— Clear chimes the bridal cadence —
For the tall ship that never
Hove in sight for ever.

On either shore, some
Stand in grief loud or dumb

As the dreadful dread
Grows certain though unsaid.
For laughter there is weeping,
And waking instead of sleeping,
And a desperate sorrow
Morrow after morrow.

Oh, who knows the truth,
How she perished in her youth,
And like a queen went down
Pale in her royal crown :
How she went up to glory
From the sea-foam chill and hoary,
An innocent queen and holy,
To a high throne from a lowly ?

They went down, all the crew,
The silks and spices too,
The great ones and the small,
One and all, one and all.
Was it through stress of weather,
Quicksands, rocks, or all together ?
Only the raven knows this,
And he will not disclose this.

After a day and year
The bridal bells chime clear ;
After a year and a day
The bridegroom is brave and gay :
Love is sound, faith is rotten ;
The old bride is forgotten : —
Two ominous ravens only
Remember black and lonely.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TO THE ALPS.

ETERNAL Alps, in your sublime abode
The soul goes forth untrammelled, and, apart
From little self, expands and learns of God.
There, it forgets awhile the busy mart
Where strength, heart, life, are coined with cunning art
To common currency ; forgets the strife
For gold, place, power, and fame ; the bitter smart
Of disappointment, pain, and sorrow rife
Where poor humanity walks in the paths of life.

Ye are unsullied by the serpent's trail
Of sin and death, with all their weary woes ;
And ye do minister within the veil
Of an eternity that never knows
The changes of decay. Time overthrows
Man's proudest glory, but his hand has striven
In vain to mar your beauty ; as ye rose,
When form and light to the young earth were given,
Ye stand, with your white brows, by the closed gates of heaven.

—*Once a Week.*

SARAH T. BOLTON.